



... A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE ...



Nº4 FEB.-MAR.

SPY-HUNTERS

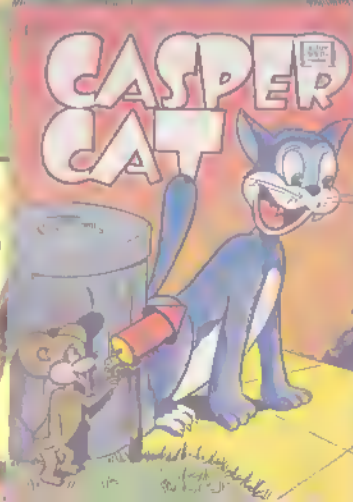
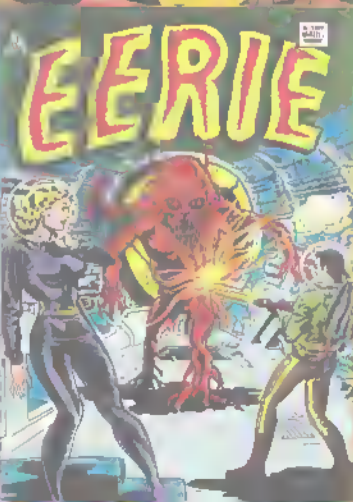
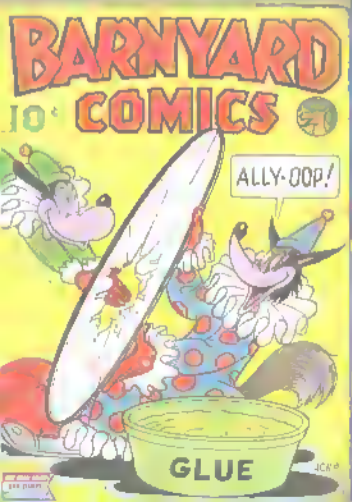
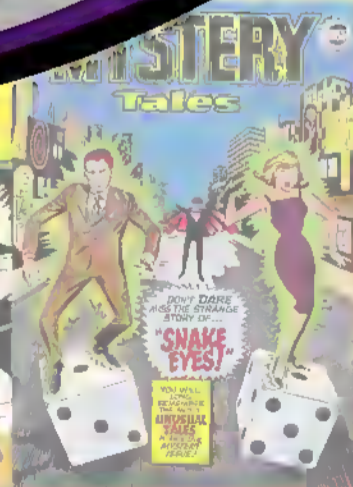
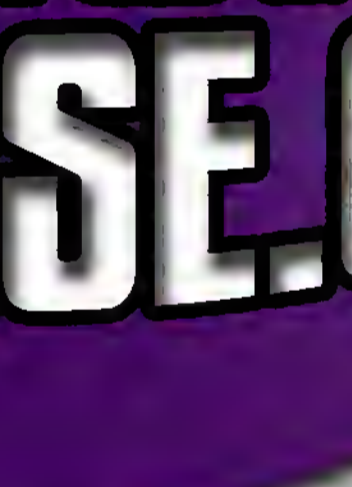
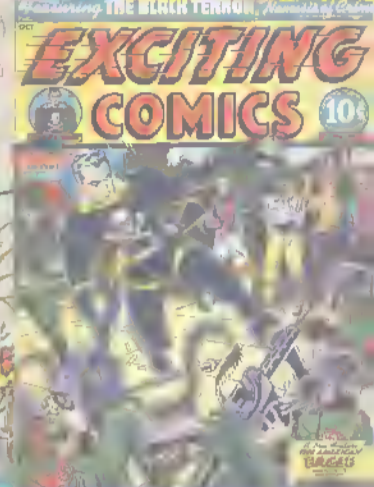
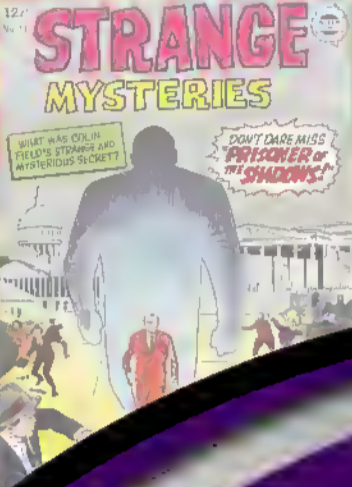
AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES
in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!



10¢



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THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a
ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!

BLAZING WEST

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



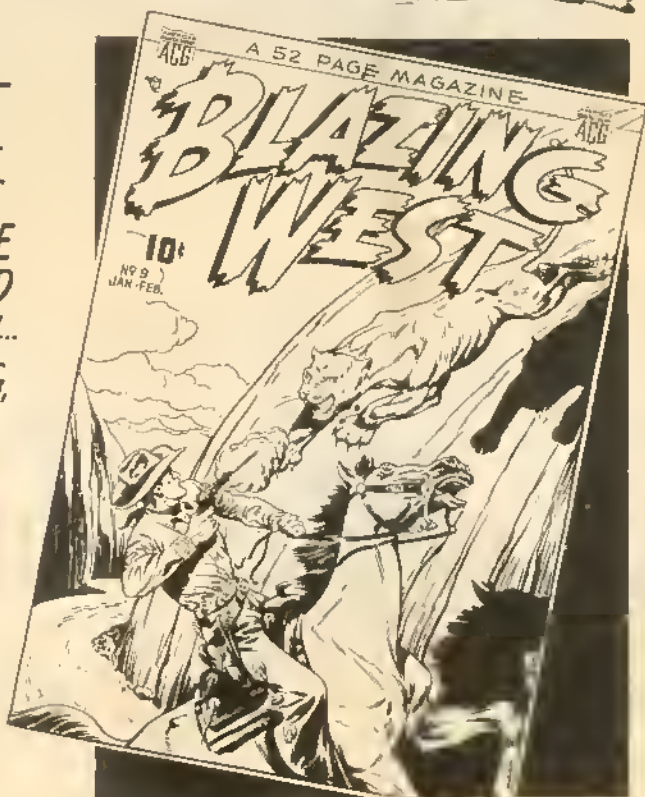
You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARRPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!

★★★

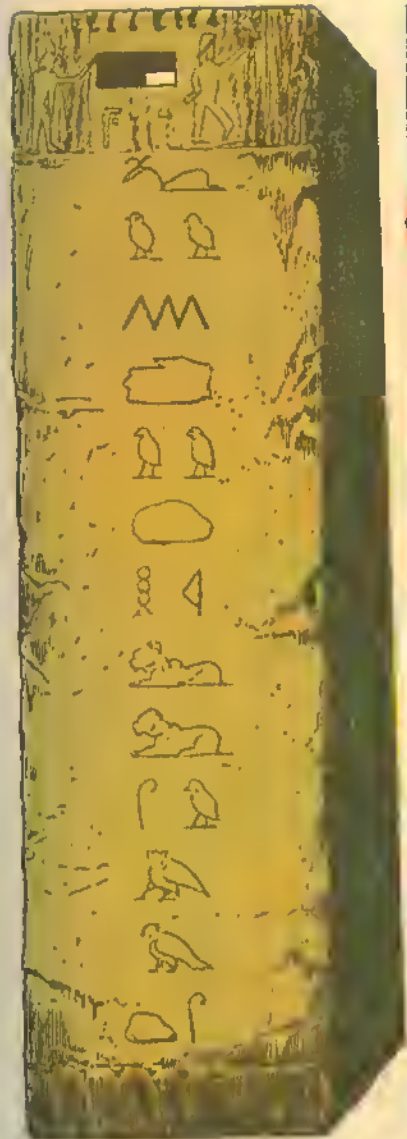
You've NEVER read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

don't miss

BLAZING WEST!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS



Jonathan Kent, ESPIONAGE ACE

THERE'S AN OFFICIAL MESSAGE COMING THROUGH, KENT... FROM CAIRO, EGYPT!

LET'S HAVE THE EARPHONES, BILL... I'LL TAKE IT!



CAN YOU DECIPHER THESE STRANGE SYMBOLS... THE HIEROGLYPHIC PICTURE WRITING THAT WAS USED IN ANCIENT EGYPT... FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO? IT'S A SINISTER RIDDLE HOLDING THE KEY TO EVERYTHING FROM MURDER TO ESPIONAGE... AND IT SPELLS OUT A NEW, LIGHTNING-PACED CASE FOR JONATHAN KENT!

THIS IS **RESP**, CAIRO... TRANSMITTING FOR THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN SECURITY POLICE! OUR CENSORS HAVE INTERCEPTED AN OUTGOING CABLE IN CODE... AND WE REQUEST AN INVESTIGATION! ARE YOU READY TO TRANSCRIBE?

GO AHEAD, CAIRO!



THE CABLE WAS ADDRESSED TO PROFESSOR CLYDE SOMERS... WASHINGTON, D.C.! TEXT AS FOLLOWS: **SNAIL CHICK CHICK WATER HAND, CHICK STONE. ROPE REED LION LION, CROOK CHICK OWL HAWK STONE CROOK.** -- END OF TEXT... NO SIGNATURE!

O.K., **RESP**... WE'LL MAKE A CHECK!

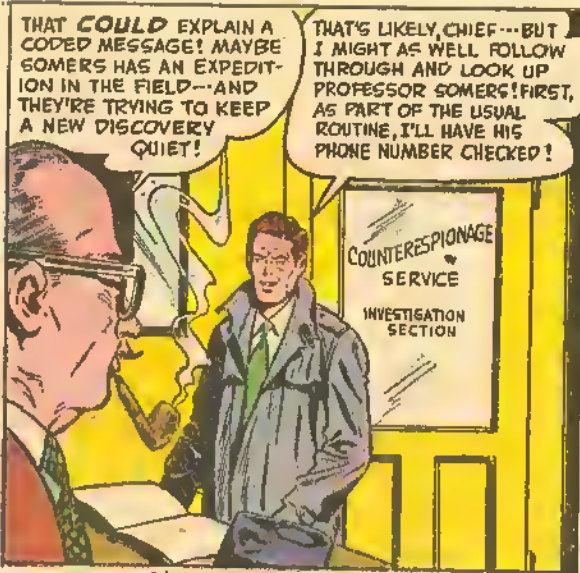


MINUTES LATER...

OFFHAND, I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT, KENT... BUT CONSIDERING THE INCREASING COMMUNIST ACTIVITY IN EGYPT IN RECENT MONTHS, I CAN UNDERSTAND THE GOVERNMENT'S GETTING FIDGETY ABOUT CODES! COME TO THINK OF IT... THE NAME CLYDE SOMERS DOES SOUND FAMILIAR!

IT SHOULD BE! HE'S LISTED IN "WHO'S WHO" AS AN OUTSTANDING AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT EGYPT... HEAD OF SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS TO THE NILE DELTA... AND WHAT NOT!





THAT **COULD** EXPLAIN A CODED MESSAGE! MAYBE SOMERS HAS AN EXPEDITION IN THE FIELD--AND THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP A NEW DISCOVERY QUIET!

THAT'S LIKELY, CHIEF... BUT I MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW THROUGH AND LOOK UP PROFESSOR SOMERS! FIRST, AS PART OF THE USUAL ROUTINE, I'LL HAVE HIS PHONE NUMBER CHECKED!



HELLO... DISTRICT SUPERVISOR? WE WANT A RECORD OF ALL PHONE NUMBERS **CALLING**, OR **CALLED BY**, RIALTO 7887! THAT'S IT... THANKS!



SOON AFTERWARD... ALONG A RESIDENTIAL STREET WITHIN SIGHT OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT...

HERE IT IS! GUESS PROFESSOR SOMERS' HOME DOUBLES FOR BOTH AN OFFICE AND A MUSEUM!



PROFESSOR SOMERS? I'M JONATHAN KENT... COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE!

COME IN, MR. KENT! I'M GEORGE ALLEN... THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT! KAY... SEE WHETHER HE'S BUSY, WILL YOU?

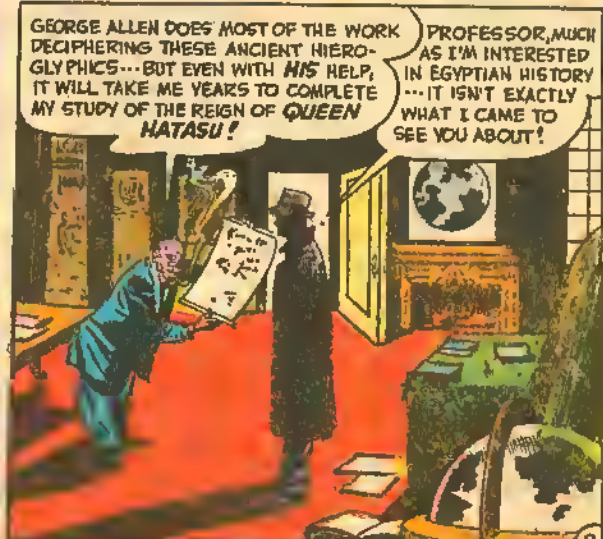


A MOMENT LATER... KAY TELLS ME YOU'RE A GOVERNMENT MAN, MR. KENT! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

PLENTY... I HOPE! TO BEGIN WITH--ARE YOU ACTIVELY ASSOCIATED WITH ANYONE DOING FIELD WORK IN EGYPT AT THE PRESENT TIME?

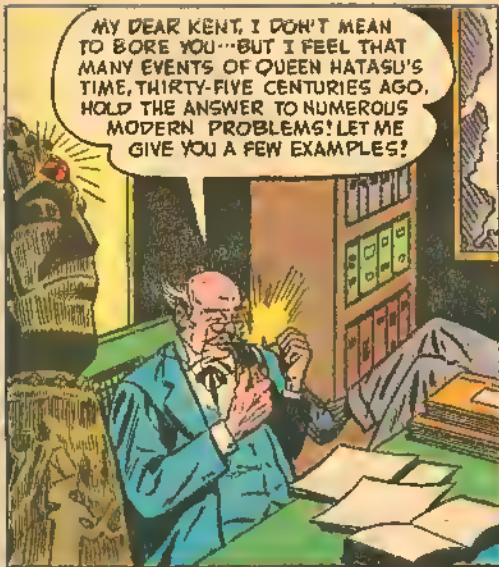


I WISH I WAS... BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE BEEN SNOWED UNDER WITH RESEARCH ON THE MATERIAL COLLECTED DURING MY **LAST** EXPEDITION!

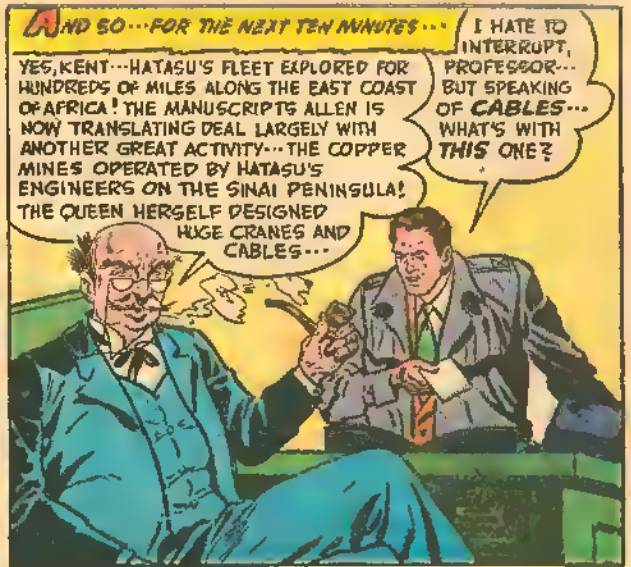


GEORGE ALLEN DOES MOST OF THE WORK DECIPHERING THESE ANCIENT HIEROGLYPHICS... BUT EVEN WITH **HIS** HELP, IT WILL TAKE ME YEARS TO COMPLETE MY STUDY OF THE REIGN OF **QUEEN HATASU!**

PROFESSOR, MUCH AS I'M INTERESTED IN EGYPTIAN HISTORY... IT ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT!



MY DEAR KENT, I DON'T MEAN TO BORE YOU...BUT I FEEL THAT MANY EVENTS OF QUEEN HATASU'S TIME, THIRTY-FIVE CENTURIES AGO, HOLD THE ANSWER TO NUMEROUS MODERN PROBLEMS! LET ME GIVE YOU A FEW EXAMPLES!



AND SO...FOR THE NEXT TEN MINUTES... YES, KENT...HATASU'S FLEET EXPLORED FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES ALONG THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA! THE MANUSCRIPTS ALLEN IS NOW TRANSLATING DEAL LARGELY WITH ANOTHER GREAT ACTIVITY...THE COPPER MINES OPERATED BY HATASU'S ENGINEERS ON THE SINAI PENINSULA! THE QUEEN HERSELF DESIGNED HUGE CRANES AND CABLES...

I HATE TO INTERRUPT, PROFESSOR... BUT SPEAKING OF CABLES... WHAT'S WITH THIS ONE?



VERY SINGULAR! IT IS ADDRESSED TO ME...BUT I NEITHER RECEIVED IT--NOR UNDERSTAND IT!

THAT MAKES THINGS INTERESTING! YOU'RE SURE YOU HAVE NO INKLING OF WHAT THE CODE'S ABOUT, EH?



SNAIL CHICK...BY JOVE, KENT...I BELIEVE I DO HAVE AN IDEA!

DON'T MOVE, ALLEN...WE'RE GOING IN!

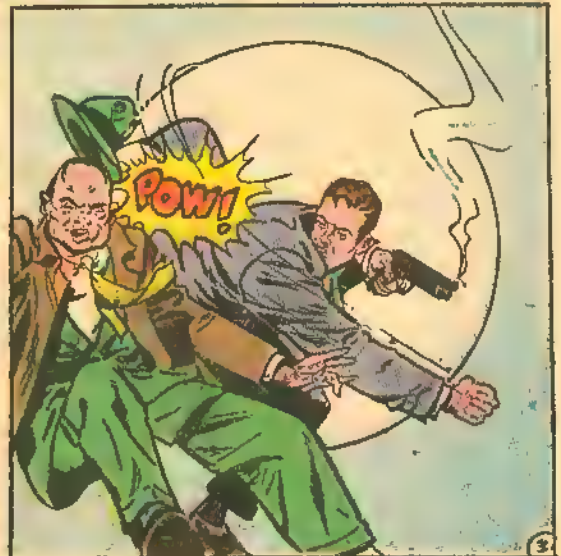


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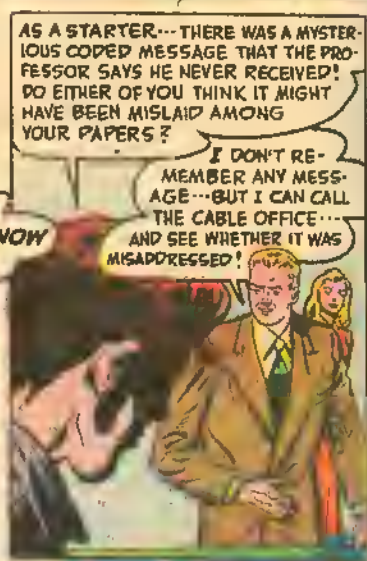
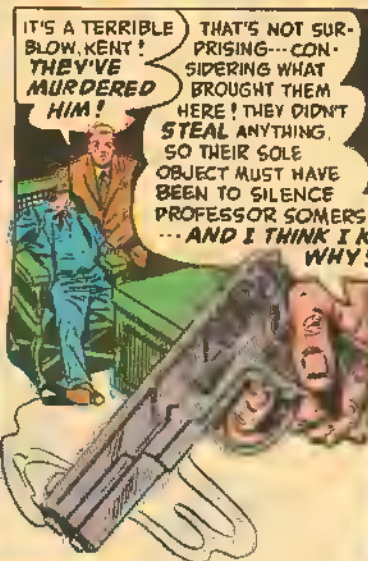


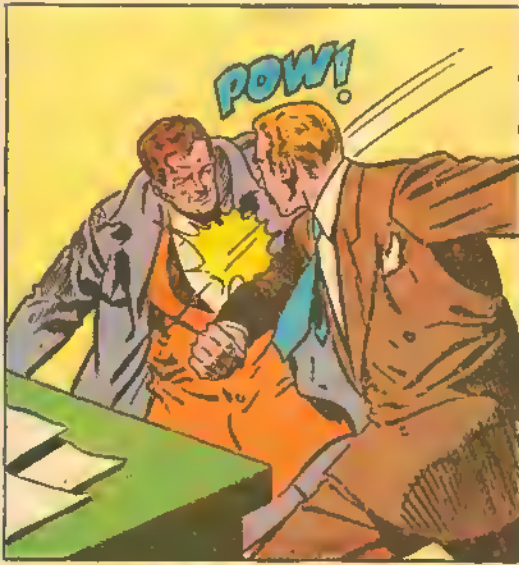
O.K., RATS...YOU STOPPED HIM...AND NOW YOU'RE STOPPING BULLETS!

BANG!



POW!





SECONDS LATER...

I COULDN'T UNTANGLE MYSELF SOON ENOUGH TO STOP HER! THERE SHE GOES--IN MY CAR!



QUITE A SETUP...WITH BOTH OF THEM WORKING AGAINST PROFESSOR SOMERS! I SUSPECTED AS MUCH WHEN THE MAN GUARDING ALLEN AND KAY TURNED HIS BACK TO THEM DURING THE FIGHT! ALLEN HAD AMPLE CHANCE TO GRAB HIM--AND WHEN HE DIDN'T--I DECIDED TO SET A TRAP!



"WHEN I MENTIONED THE CODED MESSAGE, ALLEN KNEW I WAS REFERRING TO A CABLE-- PROVING HE RECEIVED IT! SINCE KAY AND ALLEN HANDLED THE PROFESSOR'S MAIL AND OTHER ROUTINE DETAILS, THEY GOT THE IDEA OF HAVING THE CABLEGRAM MEANT FOR THEM ADDRESSED TO HIM-- THINKING THAT A MESSAGE TO A FAMOUS SCIENTIST MIGHT STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF SLIPPING THROUGH THE EGYPTIAN CENSORS!"

IT STACKS UP AS A TOUGH CASE... BECAUSE I WON'T GET TO FIRST BASE UNLESS I CAN BOTH DECODE THE MESSAGE... AND LEARN WHAT'S INSIDE THE BRIEF CASE KAY ESCAPED WITH!



AN HOUR LATER... AT HEADQUARTERS...

I'VE TRIED EVERY MAIN CIPHER KEY, CHIEF... AND THAT CABLEGRAM IS AS MUCH AN ENIGMA AS EVER! WHAT BURNS ME IS THAT PROFESSOR SOMERS SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND A CLUE TO THE CODE JUST BEFORE HE WAS SHOT!

BEFORE THAT HAPPENED-- YOU SAY SOMERS TALKED FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES? IS THERE ANY CHANCE THAT THE SOLUTION TO THE CODE WAS ACCIDENTALLY SUGGESTED TO SOMERS BY SOMETHING HE TALKED ABOUT?



I'VE BEEN KICKING THAT AROUND, TOO... BUT IT WAS ALL PRETTY GENERAL! JUST SOME STUFF ABOUT QUEEN HATASU-- AND THE OPINION THAT EGYPTIAN CULTURE MIGHT SOLVE PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS! UNFORTUNATELY... I DON'T THINK WE CAN DIG UP AN ANSWER TO THIS PROBLEM IN ANCIENT EGYPT!



SUDDENLY... WAIT A MINUTE... MAYBE WE CAN! CHIEF, IF YOU WERE A SPY WORKING WITH ALLEN--AN EXPERT AT DECIPHERING ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DOCUMENTS-- WHAT SYMBOLS WOULD YOU USE FOR A CODE?

NOW YOU'RE ON THE BEAM! HIEROGLYPHICS!



SNAIL...CHICK...WATER...
THEY'RE ALL PART OF A
PICTORIAL ALPHABET...MEAN-
ING THAT EACH SIGN IS A
SEPARATE LETTER...
TRANSLATABLE
INTO ENGLISH!



HERE'S THE COMPLETE LIST OF
HIEROGLYPHIC LETTER SIGNS!
SNAIL REPRESENTS F...
CNICK CHICK IS OU...
WATER IS N...HAND
IS D! THERE'S OUR
FIRST WORD...
"FOUND"!



LET'S
WORK ON
THE REST
OF IT...AND
SEE WHAT
WAS FOUND!

BASED ON SYMBOLS THOUSANDS
OF YEARS OLD...THE MESSAGE IS
DECODED LETTER FOR LETTER!

"FOUND UR.
KILL SOMERS."
...WELL,
THAT'S
IT! ANY-
THING
CLICK?

NOT MUCH...EX-
CEPT THAT
SOMERS' MURDER
SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN
PLANNED IN EGYPT! AS
FOR THE REST...UR
WAS AN ANCIENT CITY
IN BABYLONIA...AND
I'LL BE HANGED IF I
CAN SEE ANY CON-
NECTION!



YOU CAN BET THERE IS ONE...
BUT IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL
I'VE LOCATED KAY AND THE
RATS WHO SHOT SOMERS!
FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I
CAN'T FIGURE WHY THREE
MEN WERE NEEDED FOR
THE JOB...WHEN ALLEN
HAD A GUN...AND COULD
HAVE DONE IT HIMSELF!

MAYBE HE INTENDED TO!
BUT WHEN YOU ARRIVED,
HE GOT PANICKY! THERE
WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO
COVER UP AND KILL
SOMERS AT THE SAME
TIME...AND THAT WAS
TO GET IN TOUCH WITH
HIS THREE ACCOMPLICES!



IN OTHER WORDS...ALLEN PHONED
THEM...WHILE I WAS INSIDE TALKING
TO PROFESSOR SOMERS! INCH BY
INCH, CHIEF...WE'RE GETTING
PLACES!



I ASKED FOR A CHECK
ON RIALTO 7887! WHAT'S
THE ADDRESS LISTED
FOR THE NUMBER
THEY CALLED AT
AROUND 1:05
THIS AFTER-
NOON?

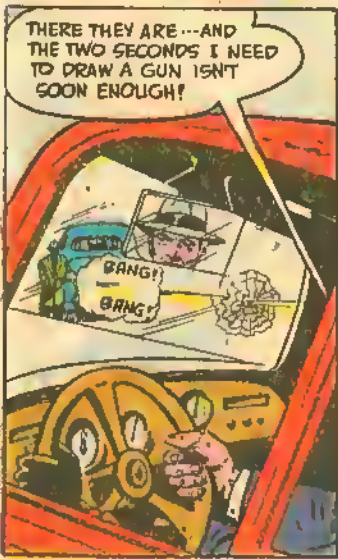
IT'S LISTED
IN OUR RECORDS
AS 455 TYLER
ROAD, MR. KENT!



THE POLICE SHOULD BE
BRINGING MY ABANDONED
CAR AROUND ANY HOUR
NOW! MEANWHILE, I'M
BORROWING YOURS!

DON'T BITE OFF MORE
THAN YOU CAN CHEW,
KENT! RADIO A REPORT
AFTER YOU'VE LOOKED
THE PLACE OVER...AND
I'LL GET A SQUAD
MOVING!





A DEAD SPY AND A BROKEN FRONT AXLE ADD UP TO A PAIR OF STRIKES... BUT I HAVE A HUNCH I'LL REALLY START SCORING WHEN I HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!

MORE BUSINESS ABOUT QUEEN HATASU... A TRANSLATION OF A REPORT MADE OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO BY THE FOREMAN OF THE EGYPTIAN COPPER MINES AT MAGHARA... WHEREVER THAT IS! MIGHT TAKE DAYS TO DIG OUT ANYTHING HELPFUL... UNLESS THIS IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR... UNDERLINED IN BLACK!

Know, Queen of the Two Kingdoms, that our digging for copper has been delayed by an immense vein of hard white metal! Since it is not silver, and is difficult to melt and therefore worthless, we are boring beneath it!

LET'S SEE WHAT WORKS OUT HERE! THIS ANCIENT DOCUMENT AND THE CODED CABLEGRAM DO HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON... THEY BOTH MENTION FINDING SOMETHING! TROUBLE IS THAT THIS REPORT DOESN'T NAME THE METAL... AND THE ONLY THING SPECIFIED IN THE CABLEGRAM IS...

-UR! IN OTHER WORDS, THE SYMBOL FOR URANIUM... A HARD WHITE METAL!

A MOMENT LATER...

NOW I RECALL PROFESSOR SOMERS SAYING THAT THE ANCIENT COPPER MINES WERE ON THE SINAI PENINSULA... SO THAT GIVES ME A FIX ON MAGHARA! AS FOR THE REST... ALLEN SUSPECTED THE "WHITE METAL" WAS URANIUM WHEN HE DECIPHERED THE HIEROGLYPHIC REPORT!

AFTER ALLEN'S EGYPTIAN FRIENDS VERIFIED THE PRESENCE OF URANIUM IN THE OLD COPPER DIGGINGS, IT WAS NECESSARY TO KILL PROFESSOR SOMERS... BEFORE THE IDEA OF URANIUM ENTERED HIS MIND!

KENT SPEAKING! PUT THE CHIEF ON!

BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...

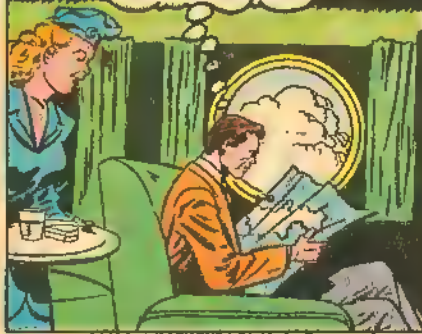
YOU'RE GOING WHERE, KENT?

THE GENERAL DIRECTION IS CAIRO, EGYPT... AND, AHH, BY THE WAY, CHIEF... I'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE A TOWING TRUCK PICK UP YOUR CAR!

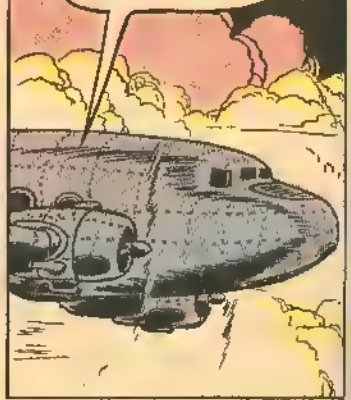


SOON AFTERWARD... ABOARD A PLANE BOUND FOR THE NEAR EAST...

HERE'S MAGHARA... A CARAVAN STOP THREE HUNDRED MILES SOUTH-WEST OF CAIRO! MY GUESS IS THAT KAY AND THE OTHERS WILL SCURRY THERE TO JOIN FORCES WITH THE SPIES WHO INSPECTED THE OLD COPPER MINE!



THEN THEY'LL PROBABLY DO WHAT THEY'LL PROBABLY DO WHAT THEY CAN TO FOMENT A COMMUNIST REVOLUTION IN EGYPT... SO THAT THE URANIUM CAN BE EARMARKED FOR THE SLAVONIAN ATOM-BOMB PROJECT!



THREE DAYS LATER... AT THE NATIONAL DEFENSE MINISTRY IN CAIRO...

MR. KENT, MEET CAPTAIN HATMI! WE'VE DECIDED THAT THE BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THE COMMUNIST AGENTS IS AN AIRBORNE ATTACK... WITH YOU INCLUDED IN THE PARTY, OF COURSE!

I DON'T THINK IT WILL WORK, GENERAL!



ACCORDING TO THE MAP... THE ENTIRE REGION AROUND MAGHARA IS CHOPPED UP BY OLD MINING CUTS AND ENTRANCE PITS! THAT MEANS YOUR PARATROOPERS WOULD BE CLAMBERING WILDLY FOR AN HOUR AFTER LANDING, TRYING TO MAKE CONTACT... AND I DON'T THINK THE SPIES WILL OBLIGE BY WAITING AROUND!



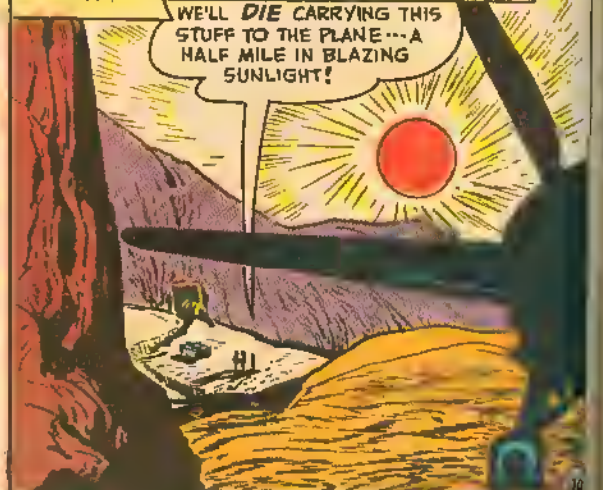
YOU HAVE AN ALTERNATIVE PLAN, THEN?

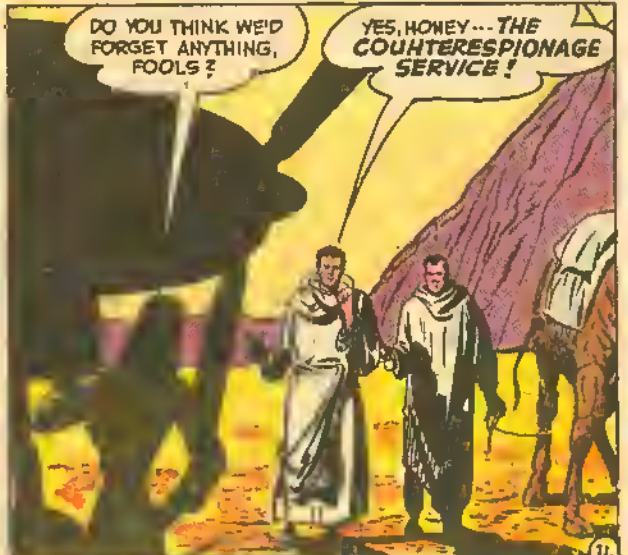
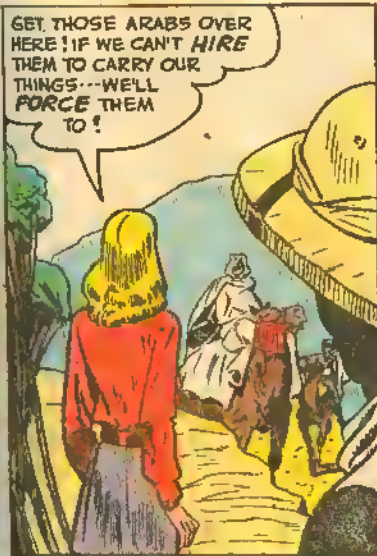
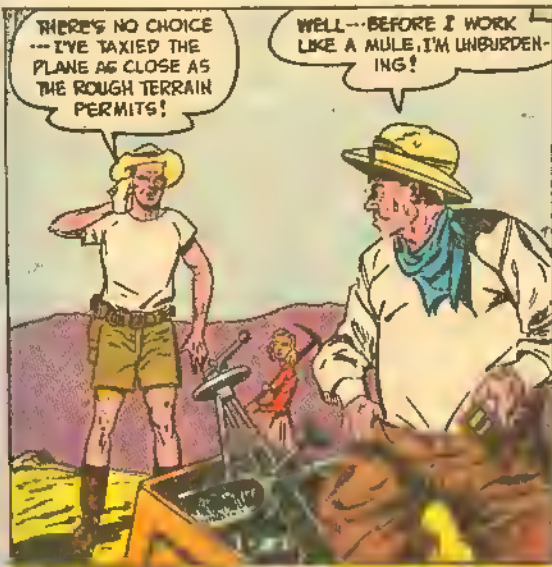
IT'S COOKING! BUT I THINK IF YOU LEAVE THE DETAILS TO CAPTAIN HATMI AND ME... WE'LL DELIVER THE SPIES!

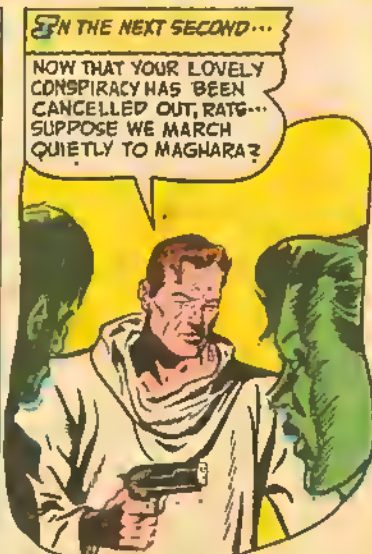
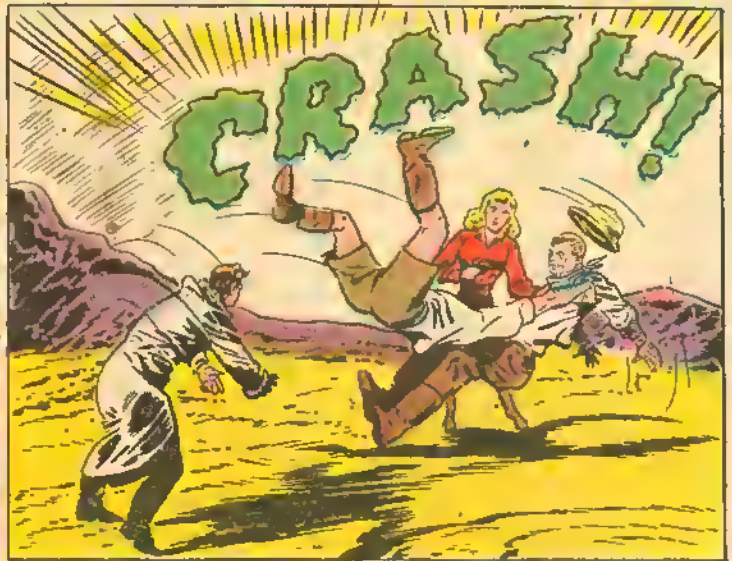
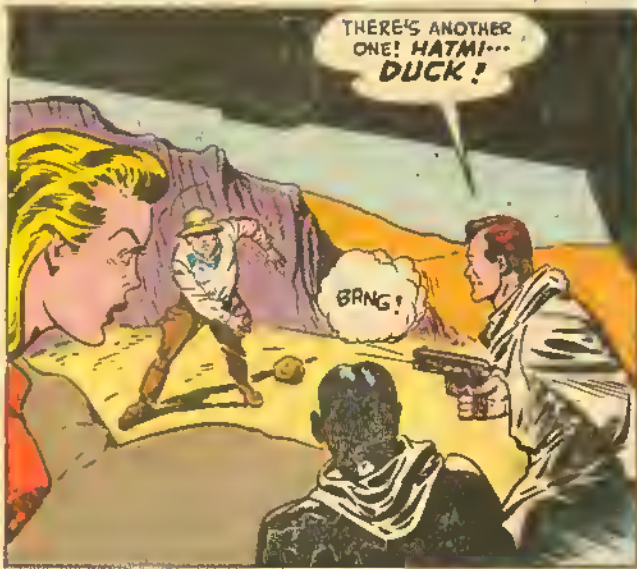


NEXT DAY... IN THE PARCHED WILDERNESS OUTSIDE MAGHARA...

WE'LL DIE CARRYING THIS STUFF TO THE PLANE... A HALF MILE IN BLAZING SUNLIGHT!









THERE'S A
**SURPRISE
NOVELTY**
FOR YOU
IN EVERY PACKAGE!

I RIDE HIGH-
NO HANDS ON MY
BROOM-AND AWAY
TO THE SKY WITH
CRACKER JACK
I ZOOM!



CRACKER JACK IS
THE BEST TASTING
CONFECTION IN MY
BAG-
THE MORE YOU EAT-
THE MORE YOU WANT!



HERE, BUD!
IT'S CRACKER
JACK! ITS
SURE TO
MAKE YOU
HAPPY!



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A SNEEZE in TIME

COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE agent

Harold Wright couldn't even recognize himself as he stared at his reflection in the pawn-shop's plateglass window. But then, there was no reason why he should—since the C. I. makeup expert had made him look exactly like that suspected spy they'd picked up yesterday. And Harold knew that when he presented the pawn ticket they'd found in the spy's pockets, there was no outside chance that it might lead to something hot.

Inside the pawnshop, the men behind the counter glanced keenly at him—and then stared at the pawn ticket Harold wordlessly offered him. "Ah," the man said, "you have finally come. Yes, your description tallies exactly with that of the man we were told to expect. Come into the back room, quickly!"

Three big, hard-looking men were waiting in the rear of the shop. The pawnbroker slapped Harold on the back and said, "My name's Darcy—and these are my assistants. And you, my dear fellow, probably don't know that the pawn ticket you just gave me conceals super-thin microfilms of the location of every uranium mine in the country! Now we must move quickly—our plane is waiting at the airfield—and our car is outside!"

Inside the big limousine a few minutes later, Harold mentally kicked himself for having helped them with their insidious plot. If only he'd known what the pawn ticket really was, he'd have—but thoughts like those were useless. What's done is done, he told himself, and now he'd have to see if he could undo it!

He was in a bad position, he knew, seated as he was on the rear seat between two of the toughies. He could see the bulge of their guns in their pockets, and realized he wouldn't have a chance if he started anything. No, he would have to resort to his *emergency plan!*

Harold sneered mildly. Ten seconds later, he sneezed again. The spies glanced casually at him, and Harold said, "Caught a cold yester—KER-CHOO!" Twice more Harold sneezed, and then as a big one started coming, he began fumbling wildly for his handkerchief. The two spies with him put their hands on their guns and stared suspiciously as Harold withdrew his hand from his pocket. He saw them visibly relax at the sight of the handkerchief, and he thought, wryly, that they had a right not to trust him.

Blowing his nose loudly into the handkerchief, Harold slipped the two small cylinders into his nostrils swiftly and unobtrusively. Then, as he put his handkerchief back, he managed to drop the small gas pellet from his sleeve onto the floor of the car. Leaning back casually, being careful to breathe only through his nostrils, Harold then felt around on the floor with his shoe until his toe found the pellet and pressed down hard on it, crushing it.

Ten seconds later, the men in the back suddenly slumped forward in their seats, out cold. Darcy, in the front with the driver—further from the odorless gas the pellet had contained—began to feel drowsy and turned to look at the men in the rear. What he saw made him dazedly reach for his gun—but Harold gave him his own gun—across the skull. Then, leaning over, Harold took the wheel from the slumping driver and guided the car to a halt.

Once outside, Harold opened the car doors wide, and when he knew the gas had been dispersed, he removed the gas filters from his nostrils. Looking down at the unconscious spies in the car, Harold shook his head sadly. "Tsk, tsk," he said. "If they'd only have said 'God Bless You' when I sneezed, maybe I would've had pity on them—and sung them a lullaby!"

CHALLENGE from SPACE!



OUR STORY OPENS IN FEBRUARY, 1945... AT THE NAZI SUPREME HEADQUARTERS...

OUR ARMIES ARE BEING ANNIHILATED ON ALL FRONTS... THE END IS VERY NEAR! BUT ALTHOUGH THE STUPID ALLIES **THINK** THEY HAVE DEFEATED US, THE GREAT NAZI REICH WILL BE **VICTORIOUS EVEN IN DEFEAT**... AS LONG AS OUR NATION POSSESSES A SCIENTIFIC BRAIN LIKE **YOURS**, FRANZ GEISMAR!



AND TO ENABLE YOU TO CARRY ON OUR GLORIOUS WORK WHEN I AM GONE, I AM ORDERING YOU AND YOUR BEST SCIENTISTS PLACED IN A **CONCENTRATION CAMP**! THERE YOU WILL BE MADE TO LOOK AS IF YOU HAVE BEEN STARVED AND TORTURED, SO THE GULLIBLE AMERICANS WILL THINK YOU ARE ANTI-NAZIS... AND WILL ASK YOU TO HELP THEM IN THEIR RESEARCH! ONCE YOU ARE ADMITTED TO THEIR LABORATORIES, YOU WILL TAKE STEPS TO DESTROY THEM... **DESTROY THEM ALL!**

SIEG HEIL!



THE CONQUEST OF SPACE HAS ALWAYS BEEN MAN'S FONDEST DREAM... YET ON THE DAY THAT DREAM BECAME A REALITY, AMERICA AND ALL OF EARTH WAS THREATENED WITH **TOTAL DESTRUCTION**! FOR THE DIABOLICALLY CLEVER BRAIN THAT ENGINEERED THAT CONQUEST BELONGED TO AN INSIDIOUS NAZI SCIENTIST WHO FOUND A NEW WAY TO CRUSH HUMANITY... AND TO BECOME DICTATOR OF THE WORLD! **CATASTROPHE THREATENED**... UNLESS THERE WAS SOMEONE WHO COULD MEET THAT

CHALLENGE FROM SPACE!

MONTHS LATER, AS THE AMERICAN TROOPS SWEEP THROUGH GERMANY...

THIS IS THE CONCENTRATION CAMP WHERE ANTI-NAZI SCIENTISTS ARE KEPT, COLONEL!

YES, AND THE POOR BUGGERS LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN STARVED AND TORTURED! WELL, THEY'LL BE WELL FED... WHILE THEY'RE HELPING US ON OUR ATOMIC AND ROCKET RESEARCH! SOME OF THE BEST SCIENTIFIC BRAINS IN THE WORLD ARE HERE... AND WE CAN USE THEM!



THE FOLLOWING YEAR, AT THE ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER IN WHITE SANDS, NEW MEXICO...

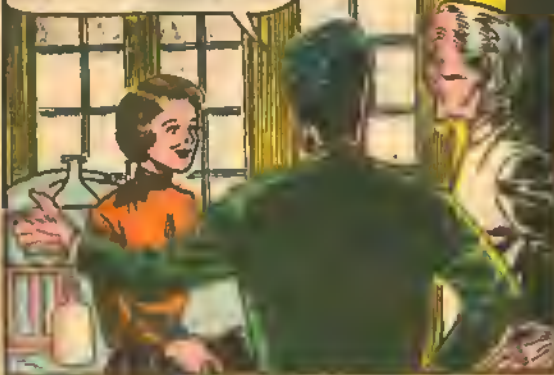
THIS IS IMPORTANT, CRAYNE! HEADQUARTERS WANTS YOU TO ASSIGN PROF. GEISMAR AND HIS ASSISTANTS TO THE PROBLEM OF FORMING A SATELLITE IN SPACE... BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE MOON! WE'VE BEEN STYMIED ON IT... WE CAN'T SEEM TO FIGURE OUT A WAY OF FIRING A LARGE ENOUGH MASS THOUSANDS OF MILES INTO SPACE SO THAT IT'LL REVOLVE AROUND THE EARTH LIKE A MINIATURE MOON!

HMM, IF THEY CAN HELP US ON THAT, AND IF THE SATELLITE IS LARGE ENOUGH TO LAND ROCKETS ON, IT'LL BE THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS INTER-PLANETARY TRAVEL!



I'VE GIVEN YOU YOUR ASSIGNMENT, PROF. GEISMAR, AND NOW HERE'S YOUR LABORATORY... AND YOUR SECRETARY, MISS GRETA SCHMIDT! SHE'S NEW HERE, BUT I UNDERSTAND SHE HAS AN EXCELLENT SCIENTIFIC BACKGROUND!

THANK YOU, DR. CRAYNE! THIS LABORATORY LOOKS PERFECTLY EQUIPPED!



I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR ROCKET DISCOVERIES, PROF. GEISMAR! I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRERD YOUR WORK!

GRETA SCHMIDT... AN, YOU ARE GERMAN, TOO! THAT IS GOOD... YOU WILL BE USEFUL TO ME!



WEEKS OF HARD WORK FOLLOWED FOR EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH OPERATION: SATELLITE! AND THEN, ONE DAY...

OH, I'M GLAD I RAN INTO YOU, MISS SCHMIDT! SOMETHING'S BEEN TROUBLING ME... I'VE BEEN WORRYING ABOUT GEISMAR AND HIS MEN HAVING ACCESS TO ALL OUR SECRET DISCOVERIES! HAS HE MADE ANY COMMENTS IN YOUR PRESENCE THAT MIGHT INDICATE HE'S NOT LOYAL TO US?

OH, NO... AND HE'S BEEN CLEARED BY MILITARY INTELLIGENCE! HE STILL SPEAKS OF THE HORRIBLE TORTURES HE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS! HE'S A WONDERFUL MAN... AND A SUPERB SCIENTIST!



AND THAT'S ANOTHER THING THAT'S TROUBLING ME... YOU'RE MUCH TOO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT HIM! HOW ABOUT GIVING YOURSELF A CHANCE TO GET ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT ME... AT THAT DANCE IN TOWN TONIGHT?

WHY... WHY, I'D LOVE TO. DR. CRAYNE! I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D ASK ME OUT ONE OF THESE DAYS!



That night...

I WISH THEY'D ASSIGNED YOU TO BE MY SECRETARY! I'D LIKE TO BE NEAR YOU EVERY SECOND OF EVERY DAY... FOR ETERNITY! YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL... GRETA!

AND YOU'RE SWEET... ROGER! I... I GUESS I KIND OF FELL FOR YOU MYSELF... THE VERY FIRST TIME I SAW YOU!

GRETA-- I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU! HOPELESSLY IN LOVE!

OH, DARLING...!



THEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE WEEKLY STAFF CONFERENCE...

GENTLEMEN, THE SATELLITE PROBLEM IS SOLVED! MY RESEARCHS HAVE SHOWN THAT AN ISOTOPE--TELLURIUM 128--CAN BE FIRED IN HUNDREDS OF ROCKET PROJECTILES OUT TO A PARTICULAR POINT IN SPACE--AND WHEN THEY ALL MEET AND EXPLODE TOGETHER AT THE SAME TIME, THERE WILL BE A TREMENDOUS EXPANSION OF THE TELLURIUM! THEN, MOLECULAR ATTRACTION WILL HOLD THIS GREAT MASS OF TELLURIUM TOGETHER... AND WE WILL HAVE A SATELLITE IN SPACE!



AND I AM VERY CLOSE TO PERFECTING A NEW FUEL THAT CAN PROPEL THOSE PROJECTILES FOR TENS OF THOUSANDS OF MILES INTO SPACE!

GREAT WORK, PROF. GEISMAR! YOU'VE BECOME INVALUABLE TO US--FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL HAVE A FREE HAND IN DIRECTING OPERATION: SATELLITE! ALL OUR FACILITIES WILL BE AT YOUR COMMAND!



LATER, BACK IN THE LAB...

OH, IT'S A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY... I COULD TELL HOW TERRIFICALLY IMPRESSED EVERYONE WAS WITH YOUR ANNOUNCEMENT OF YOUR SUCCESS!

AH, THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES... I CAN SEE HOW IMPRESSED YOU ARE! YOU ARE MY WONDERFUL DISCOVERY... MY BEAUTIFUL DISCOVERY...!



I JUST STOPPED IN TO CONGRAT... WHA...?



A MOMENT LATER...

HERE'S MY WAY OF CONGRATULATING A SNEAKING, GIRL-STEALING...

NO... DON'T!
I... I LOVE
FRANZ!

POW!

YOU BRUTE! FRANZ IS A BETTER SCIENTIST THAN YOU'LL EVER BE... THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN COMPETE WITH HIM IS BY USING FORCE!

WHY, YOU DOUBLE-TIMING, FAITHLESS FEMALE! YOU'LL LOVE ANYBODY WHO'S IN THE LIMELIGHT... YOU'RE SUCCESS-CRAZY! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR BRILLIANT FRANZ... I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

AH, BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU, MY FRIEND!

That night...

THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO FULFILL OUR FÜHRER'S MISSION! WHILE I AM WORKING ON THE TELLURIUM, HANS WILL BE IN CHARGE OF BUILDING THE ROCKET SHIP BIG ENOUGH TO ALLOW US TO LAND ON THE SATELLITE, AND JOHANN WILL PERFECT THE PLANS FOR SEIZING THE ATOMIC BOMB STOCKPILE HERE! SOON, ALL OF EARTH WILL BE IN OUR POWER!

AFTER A PERIOD OF GRINDING, FURIOUS WORK...

GEISMAR, WHAT IS THIS ROCKET FOR? IT'S MUCH BIGGER THAN THE ONES THAT WILL BE CARRYING THE TELLURIUM INTO SPACE!

THAT IS MERELY MY TEST MODEL FOR SPACE FLIGHT! I WILL BE SENDING IT UP WITH INSTRUMENTS TO RECORD THE CONDITIONS MAN WILL HAVE TO ENDURE IN SPACE! AND IF THIS MODEL IS SUCCESSFUL, DR. CRAYNE, PERHAPS IN TEN OR TWENTY YEARS, MAN WILL BE ABLE TO LAND ON THAT SATELLITE!

HMM, TEST MODELS ARE USUALLY SMALL AFFAIRS... AND THIS ONE LOOKS AS IF IT'S READY FOR SPACE TRAVEL RIGHT NOW! I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO GIVE GEISMAR A FREE HAND IN ALL HIS WORK, BUT THEY CAN'T KEEP ME FROM HAVING SUSPICIONS! I'LL JUST KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE ON THIS ROCKET AND ON GEISMAR... AND I'D BETTER NOT FORGET GRETA, WHO'S APPARENTLY IN ON WHATEVER'S GOING ON!

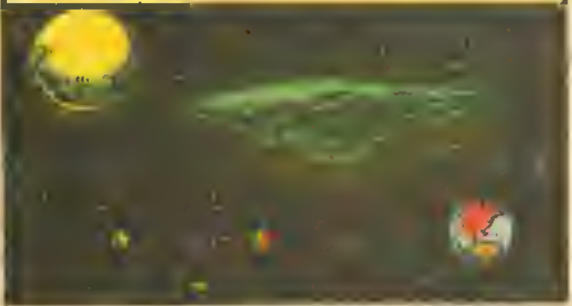
3-DAY... SATELLITE DAY... FINALLY DAWNS! HUNDREDS OF ROCKET PROJECTILES, EACH WITH A WARHEAD OF TELLURIUM-126, ARE ALL AIMED AT THE SAME POINT THOUSANDS OF MILES OUT IN SPACE! THEN, THE COMMAND IS GIVEN... FIRE!

WHOOSH!

AND THEN, AS ALL THE WARHEADS CRASH TOGETHER AT THE SAME POINT IN SPACE, THERE IS A TITANIC EXPLOSION---AN UNLEASHING OF THE MIGHTIEST FORCES IN NATURE! AND IN THE HEART OF THAT BISANTIC CONVULSION IN SPACE, THE TELLURIUM IS SUBJECTED TO TREMENDOUS PRESSURE---AND EXPANDS ENORMOUSLY!



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE, EARTH HAS TWO SATELLITES---ONE, THE ANCIENT, CRATERED MOON---AND THE OTHER, A NEW-BORN MASS OF TELLURIUM---LARGE ENOUGH FOR A ROCKET SHIP TO LAND ON! BORN OF MAN'S INGENUITY AND OF MOTHER NATURE'S TITANIC FORCES, THE SMALLER SATELLITE COULD BE MAN'S GREATEST STRIDE FORWARD---OR THE CAUSE OF HIS UTTER DESTRUCTION!



...ILE BACK ON EARTH--- NO, OR, GEISMAR'S DONE AT! CONGRATULATIONS! THIS WHOLE RESEARCH CENTER IS AT YOUR COMMAND!

IT'S THERE---ROTATING OUT IN SPACE! WE'VE DONE IT---A MAN-MADE SATELLITE!



BUT A LITTLE LATER, AS NIGHT FALLS---

NOW WE STRIKE AT THE ATOMIC BOMB DEPOT! JOHANN--- ARE THE MEN READY?

JA! FOR WEEKS, THE NAZI SPIES WHO STILL REMAINED IN AMERICA HAVE BEEN HIDING OUT IN THE DESERT! AND AT THIS MOMENT, THEY SHOULD BE PRESENTING THOSE FALSE PASSES YOU SECURED---AT THE GATE! WE ARE TO MEET THEM IN EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES AT THE ATOMIC BOMB VAULTS!



GEISMAR'S PASSES GET THE NAZIS INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE UNDERGROUND A-BOMB CHAMBERS! AND THEN---

WHA---? YOU'VE GOT GUNS! SOUND THE ALAR--- AARGH!

THESE CONCRETE WALLS WILL PREVENT THE GHOTS FROM BEING HEARD OUTSIDE! QUICK, MOW THE GUARDS DOWN---AND THEN LOAD THE BOMBS ONTO THE TRUCK WAITING OUTSIDE!



MINUTES LATER, AT THE BASE OF THE HUGE SPACE ROCKET---

WELL, NOW THAT THE SATELLITE'S A REALITY, I CAN CONCENTRATE ON KEEPING AN EYE ON THIS ROCKET SHIP! A LITTLE SNOOPING OUGHT TO---OH, OH! I HEAR A TRUCK COMING! I'D BETTER DUCK INSIDE THE ROCKET!



INSIDE THE ROCKET, WITH THE TRUCK PULLING UP OUTSIDE...

SOUNDS AS IF THEY'RE GOING TO COME IN HERE! I'D BETTER GET INTO ONE OF THESE PECULIAR-LOOKING PRESSURE SUITS LYING ON THE FLOOR... THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE TO HIDE! AND IF I PUT ON ONE OF THOSE GLASS HELMETS AND LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR, THEY PROBABLY WON'T EVEN NOTICE ME IN THE DARK!



WHILE OUTSIDE, AS THE NAZIS LOAD THE A-BOMBS INTO THE ROCKET...

BUT WHAT IS IT, FRANZ? WHY ARE YOU SO SECRETIVE... AND WHY DID YOU BRING ME OUT HERE?

THERE IS NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS! GET INTO THE ROCKET... YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING THE **FIRST WOMAN** TO SET FOOT ON THE SATELLITE!



THE SAT... NO, NO! I WON'T GET IN... I WON'T GO THERE... OHHH! MY ARM...!

YOU MUST COME WITH ME! GET IN, OR I'LL BREAK THAT PRETTY LITTLE ARM OF YOURS!



YOU... YOU HURT ME!

I'M SORRY, MY DEAR! I **HAD** TO MAKE YOU COME--FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY! BECAUSE IN A FEW HOURS, NO ONE WILL BE ALIVE IN WHITE SANDS!... NOW GET INTO ONE OF THOSE SPACE SUITS AND THEN STRAP YOURSELF IN! WE'RE TAKING OFF IN A FEW MINUTES!



AND MINUTES LATER...

RELAX, MY DEAR! AS LONG AS YOU'RE STRAPPED IN, THIS RAPID ACCELERATION WON'T HURT YOU!



BUT THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE ROCKET WHO IS NOT STRAPPED IN... AND WHO IS SOON UNCONSCIOUS!

WHA...? WE'RE TAKING OFF... UGHHH!



CLUNK!

WE CAN SPEAK OVER THE INTER-COM RADIO! AS SOON AS WE LAND ON THE SATELLITE, MY DEAR, **ALL OF EARTH WILL BE IN MY POWER!** THERE WILL BE NO DEFENSE AGAINST THE ATOM BOMBS I WILL RAIN DOWN ON IT, BECAUSE THEY WILL FALL WITH THE **SPEED OF METEORS!**



AND THE VERY **FIRST BOMB** WILL BE DESTINED FOR WHITE SANDS---SO THAT THERE WILL BE NO ROCKETS ON EARTH THAT CAN DESTROY THE SATELLITE! THEN I WILL DESTROY **CITY AFTER CITY** UNTIL EARTH IS A SHAMBLES AND **BEGGS** FOR MY MERCY! AND WHEN I DESCEND AS **DIKTATOR** OF THE EARTH---OUR FUHRER'S DREAM WILL HAVE BEEN FULFILLED! DOES NOT YOUR ARYAN BLOOD QUICKEN AT THE THOUGHT?

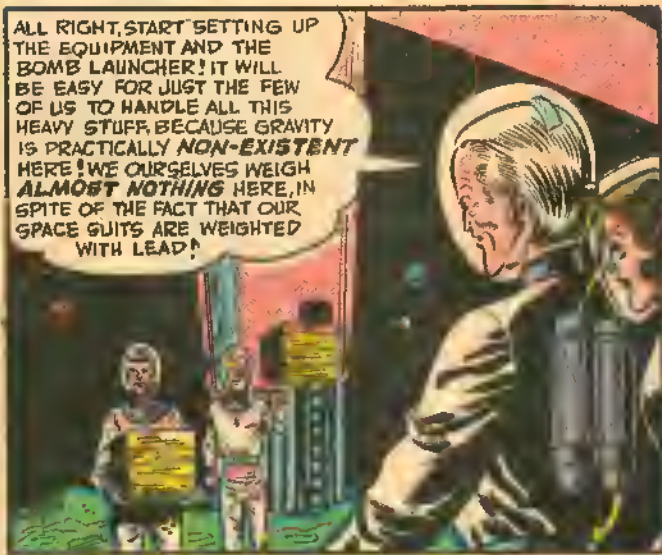


PLUNGING HEADLONG THROUGH SPACE, THE ROCKET SHIP SOON ARRIVES AT THE LITTLE SATELLITE---HOVERS OVER IT!

AH, HERE WE ARE! THE TREMENDOUS EXHAUST FROM THESE COUNTER-ROCKETS ACT AS A BRAKE---AND WILL LET US DOWN GENTLY!



ALL RIGHT, START SETTING UP THE EQUIPMENT AND THE BOMB LAUNCHER! IT WILL BE EASY FOR JUST THE FEW OF US TO HANDLE ALL THIS HEAVY STUFF BECAUSE GRAVITY IS PRACTICALLY **NON-EXISTENT** HERE! WE OURSELVES WEIGH **ALMOST NOTHING** HERE, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT OUR SPACE SUITS ARE WEIGHTED WITH LEAD!



THE UNBELIEVABLY WEIGHTLESS MACHINERY IS EASILY ASSEMBLED, AND SOON---

EXCELLENT! NOW INSERT THE FIRST ATOM BOMB INTO THE LAUNCHER---AND PREPARE TO DEAL DEMOCRACY ITS **DEATHBLOW!**



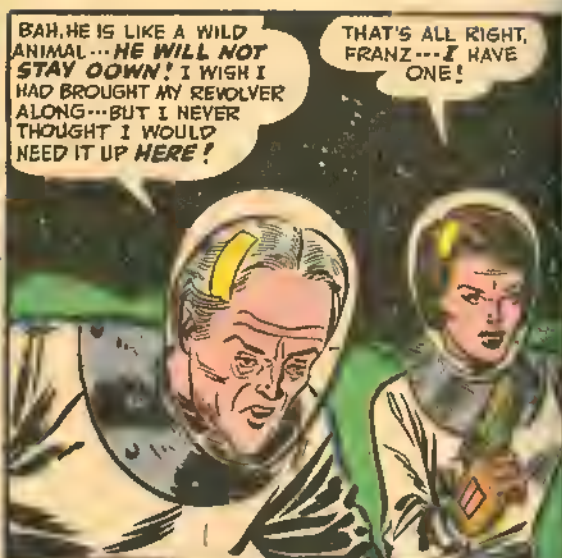
Just then---

NO, YOU DON'T!-- I HEARD YOUR WORDS OVER THE INTER-COM IN MY HELMET---AND THEY WERE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO GET ME BACK TO MY SENSES! AND HERE'S WHERE I **KNOCK YOU DIRTY SPIES SENSELESS!**





I... I CAN'T EVEN KNOCK THEM DOWN SO THEY **STAY DOWN!** MY FISTS ARE PRACTICALLY **WEIGHTLESS** UP HERE... I CAN'T GET ANY POWER BEHIND THEM!



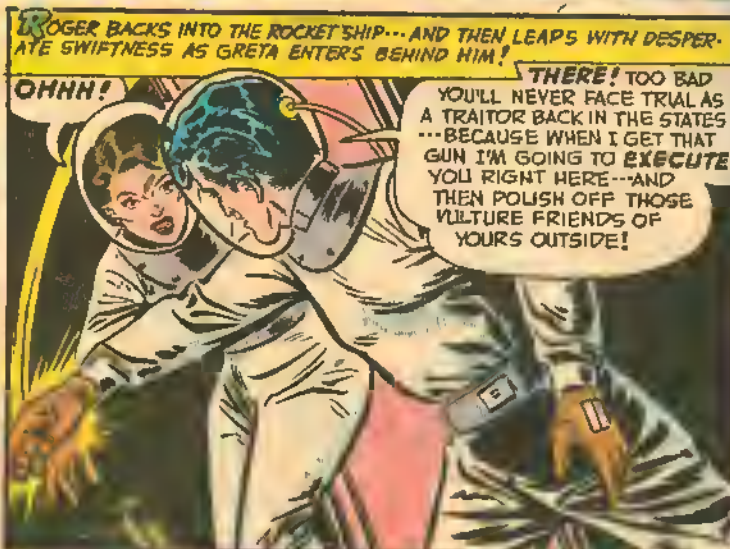
BAH, HE IS LIKE A WILD ANIMAL... HE **WILL NOT STAY DOWN!** I WISH I HAD BROUGHT MY REVOLVER ALONG... BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD NEED IT UP HERE!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FRANZ... I HAVE ONE!



I'LL FINISH HIM OFF!... **QUICK...** GET BACK INTO THE ROCKET SHIP OR I'LL FIRE!

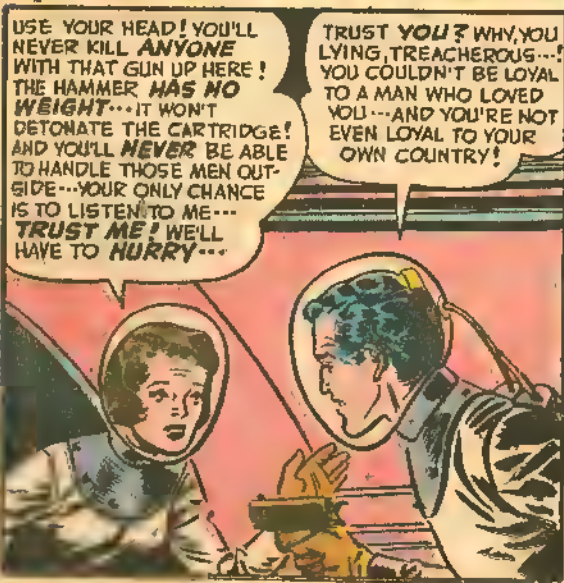
YOU! YOU'RE IN WITH THESE DIRTY NAZIS! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A ROTTEN **TRAITOR!** AND TO THINK I ONCE THOUGHT I LOVED YOU...



ROGER BACKS INTO THE ROCKET SHIP... AND THEN LEAPS WITH DESPERATE SWIFTNES AS GRETA ENTERS BEHIND HIM!

OHNN!

THERE! TOO BAD YOU'LL NEVER FACE TRIAL AS A TRAITOR BACK IN THE STATES... BECAUSE WHEN I GET THAT GUN I'M GOING TO **EXECUTE** YOU RIGHT HERE... AND THEN POLISH OFF THOSE VULTURE FRIENDS OF YOURS OUTSIDE!



USE YOUR HEAD! YOU'LL NEVER KILL **ANYONE** WITH THAT GUN UP HERE! THE **HAMMER HAS NO WEIGHT...** IT WON'T DETONATE THE CARTRIDGE! AND YOU'LL **NEVER** BE ABLE TO HANDLE THOSE MEN OUTSIDE... YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LISTEN TO ME... **TRUST ME!** WE'LL HAVE TO **HURRY...**

TRUST **YOU?** WHY, YOU LYING, TREACHEROUS...! YOU COULDN'T BE LOYAL TO A MAN WHO LOVED YOU... AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN LOYAL TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY!



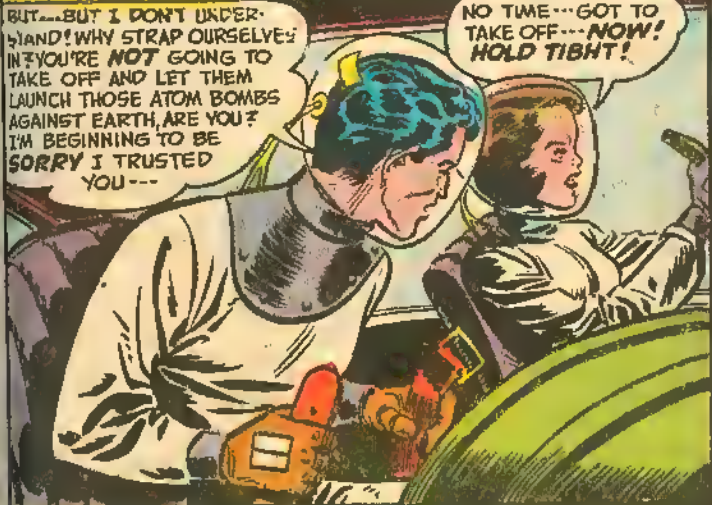
PLEASE... YOU LOVED ME ONCE... NOW YOU'LL **HAVE** TO TRUST ME! ALL OF EARTH IS AT STAKE... AND **YOU'VE** NO WAY OF STOPPING THOSE ROTTEN NAZIS! YOU SEE, I'M ON **YOUR** SIDE... BUT EXPLANATIONS WILL HAVE TO WAIT! WE DON'T HAVE A MOMENT TO LOSE!

I... I GUESS I'M A **FOOL** FOR BELIEVING IN YOU EVEN NOW... BUT I'M **STILL** IN LOVE WITH YOU! AND SINCE I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, I'LL GO ALONG WITH WHATEVER YOU SAY!

MOMENTS LATER--

BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDER-
STAND! WHY STRAP OURSELVES
IN? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
TAKE OFF AND LET THEM
LAUNCH THOSE ATOM BOMBS
AGAINST EARTH, ARE YOU?
I'M BEGINNING TO BE
SORRY I TRUSTED
YOU---

NO TIME... GOT TO
TAKE OFF... NOW!
HOLD TIGHT!



WHA...? THEY'VE
TAKEN OFF! THAT
TRAITOROUS
WRETCH...!

FRANZ!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG... THE
SATELLITE IS
GETTING SMALLER
...THE TELLURIUM
IS DISAPPEARING!

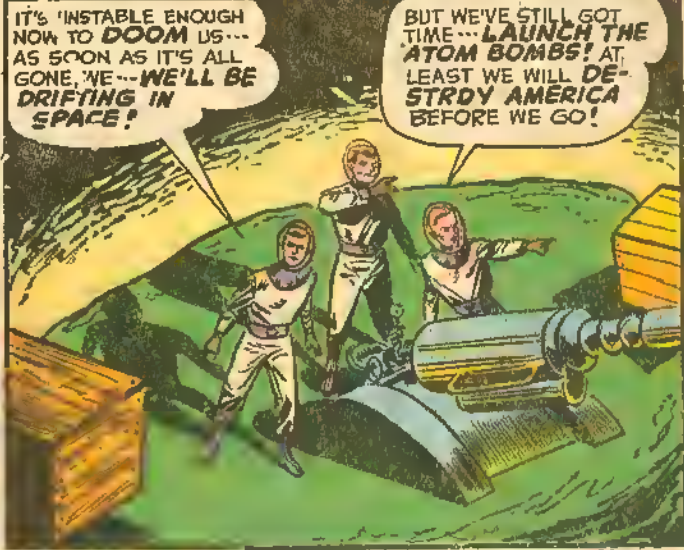


IT'S ALREADY
LESS THAN ONE-
HALF THE SIZE
...AND THE REST
IS GOING FAST!

I... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND IT...
TELLURIUM 12B
IS STABLE...
AND YET IT'S ALL
DISINTEGRAT-
ING! OUR EQUIP-
MENT IS FALL-
ING INTO
SPACE!

IT'S INSTABLE ENOUGH
NOW TO DOOM US...
AS SOON AS IT'S ALL
GONE, WE... WE'LL BE
DRIFTING IN
SPACE!

BUT WE'VE STILL GOT
TIME... LAUNCH THE
ATOM BOMBS! AT
LEAST WE WILL DE-
STROY AMERICA
BEFORE WE GO!



IT'S TOO LATE...
THERE GOES THE
LAUNCHER...!

MOVE OVER,
HANS! I'M
RIGHT ON THE
EDGE! MOVE
OVER...OR I'LL
PUSH YOU OFF!

NO! DON'T,
JOHANN!
STOP...I'M
FALLING
OFF...
HELP!



AND THEN, AS THE LAST OF THE TELLURIUM
RADIATES AWAY AND VANISHES...

NO, NO! IT CAN'T
BE! WE... WE'RE
DESTINED TO
DRIFT FOREVER
IN SPACE! EACH
ONE OF US IS A
TINY SATELLITE
NOW!

WE... WE'LL
STARVE IN A
FEW DAYS... UNLESS
WE'RE HIT BY A
METEOR BEFORE
THEN! ACH... WHAT
A HORRIBLE WAY
TO DIE!



WHILE ON BOARD THE ROCKET SHIP...

GRETA, LOOK!
WE DID GET AWAY
JUST IN TIME... THE
SATELLITE'S DISINTE-
GRATED-VANISHED!
AND ALL THOSE SPIES
ARE DRIFTING HELP-
LESSLY AROUND IN
SPACE!

I DON'T HAVE
TO LOOK! I
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED---

BECAUSE I'M THE CAUSE OF IT!
YOU SEE, I SUSPECTED THAT
GEISMAR AND HIS MEN WERE
SPIES, AND SO I DECIDED TO
PLAY UP TO HIM AND ACT AS IF I
LOVED HIM! AND WHEN I SAW THE
ROCKET SHIP HE WAS BUILDING, I
FIGURED HE MIGHT TRY TO PULL A
FAST ONE AND USE THE SATELLITE
AS A BOMBING BASE! AND SO,
JUST BEFORE THE STABLE
TELLURIUM-128 WAS TO BE
FIRED INTO SPACE, I MANAGED
TO SUBSTITUTE TELLURIUM-
127 INTO THE ROCKET
PROJECTILES!

AND TE-127 IS UNSTABLE
...IT DISINTEGRATES COM-
PLETELY WITHIN 18½ HOURS!
I KNEW THAT NO SPIES WOULD
BE ABLE TO DO ANY DAMAGE
IN SUCH A SHORT TIME... AND
IF THEY WEREN'T SPIES, I'D CON-
FESS WHAT I'D DONE, AND
ONLY SOME TE-127 WOULD'VE
BEEN LOST!

SO THAT'S WHY YOU
WANTED US TO TAKE OFF
IN SUCH A HURRY... YOU
KNEW THE UNSTABLE
TELLURIUM HAD LIVED
OUT ITS 18½ HOURS!
BUT I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND HOW A
LITTLE SECRETARY
LIKE YOU COULD'VE
OUTWITTED THAT NAZI
GANG!

OH, YOU'LL UNDER-
STAND... WHEN WE
GET TO EARTH, I'LL
SHOW YOU THE
CREDENTIALS THAT
PROVE I'M NOT
JUST A SECRETARY
... BUT U.S. COUNTER-
ESPIONAGE AGENT
L-73!

OH, YOU DARLING!
HANG THESE HELMETS
... I ALWAYS WANTED TO
KNOW WHAT IT FELT LIKE
TO KISS A GIRL SECRET-
SERVICE AGENT!

AND WHEN THE ROCKET LANDS ON EARTH...

NEVER MIND SHOWING
ME YOUR CREDENTIALS,
SWEETS! I COULDN'T
READ THEM ANYWAY
... THAT LIGHT IN
YOUR EYES DAZZLES
ME!

OH,
ROGER!

THAT WAS A GREAT PIECE OF WORK YOU
BOTH DID... CONGRATULATIONS!
THE NAZI FAILED... BUT NOW WE'VE GOT
THE PRINCIPLE OF THE SATELLITE...
AND THEIR POWERFUL NEW ROCKET
FUEL! WITH BOTH OF THOSE, NO
ENEMY WILL EVER DARE ATTACK
US AGAIN!... AND, ON, BY THE WAY,
CONGRATULATIONS AGAIN...
AND HOW ABOUT ME BEING THE
BEST MAN AT THE WEDDING?

SPY TRAP

HATE TO THINK WE'LL BE SEPARATED FOR FIVE DAYS, MARTA... BUT AT LEAST YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TRANSLATING TO DO WHILE I'M AWAY! AMERICAN AID TO GREECE INVOLVES A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR CONSTRUCTION PROGRAM... AND I'M THE ERRAND BOY WHO'S TAKING THE PLANS AND SURVEYS TO WASHINGTON!

ANDY, I WISH YOU'D TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT MORE SERIOUSLY! COMMUNIST AGENTS WOULD PROBABLY DO ANYTHING TO LEARN WHAT'S IN YOUR BRIEF CASE... BECAUSE CONSTRUCTION IS JUST THE THING THEY WANT TO STOP!

MODERN GREECE IS A TROUBLED NATION SURROUNDED BY COMMUNIST SATELLITES... AND PLAGUED FROM WITHIN BY THE RED REBELS WHO ARE READY TO USE ANY MEANS TO SEIZE THE COUNTRY! THAT'S WHY AMERICAN AID IS THE LAST HOPE OF GREEK DEMOCRACY... AND THAT'S WHY ANDY DUNHAM, WORKING IN GREECE FOR THE ECONOMIC COOPERATION ADMINISTRATION, FINDS HIMSELF NECK DEEP IN A

SPY TRAP!

I WON'T TURN THIS INTO A GRADE B MOVIE, ANDY... BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

CHECK! I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN HANDLE ANY SPIES I HAPPEN TO RUN INTO IN WASHINGTON... AND AS FOR THE COMMUNIST AGENTS IN GREECE... MAYBE WE CAN BOTH TAKE A CRACK AT 'EM WHEN I GET BACK!

AN HOUR LATER AT COMMUNIST REBEL HEADQUARTERS, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS...

AND SO ANDY SETS OUT ON WHAT SEEMS TO BE A ROUTINE TRIP... UN-AWARE THAT HIS DEPARTURE HAS BEEN SPOTTED BY A PAIR OF SPECIALISTS IN INTERNATIONAL CONSPIRACY!

HERE'S HIS PICTURE IN OUR CONFIDENTIAL LIST OF ECA PERSONNEL!
ANDREW DUNHAM... JUNIOR SURVEYING ENGINEER... ARRIVED IN GREECE 14 APRIL, 1949. USUALLY ENTRUSTED WITH HIGHLY SECRET ASSIGNMENTS!

ALL AMERICAN AID TO GREECE IS A THORN IN OUR SIDE... BUT THE REPORTED CONSTRUCTION OF A SECRET AIR-STRIP... LARGE ENOUGH FOR HEAVY TRANSPORT PLANES... CAN MEAN A DEATH-STROKE FOR GREEK COMMUNISM! ONCE IT'S IN OPERATION... THE GOVERNMENT WILL RECEIVE A HUGE AMOUNT OF ARMS AND SUPPLIES TO HURL AGAINST US!

THAT CHECKS WITH WHAT WE'VE LEARNED ABOUT HIS DESTINATION... WASHINGTON! I'D BETTER RADIO AN IMMEDIATE REPORT!



BUT...IF WE CAN SEIZE THE SITE CHOSEN FOR THE AIRFIELD...THE AMERICAN ENGINEERS WILL NEED A FULL YEAR TO FIND AND SURVEY A NEW LOCATION! DURING THAT TIME, THE DEMOCRATIC FORCES WILL LACK THE MATERIAL THEY COUNTED ON GETTING... AND WE CAN TAKE THE OFFENSIVE!



ACCORDINGLY...OUR AGENTS IN WASHINGTON ARE LAYING CAREFUL PLANS TO GET HOLD OF DUNHAM'S PAPERS! WE MUST LEARN THE LOCATION OF THE NEW AIRFIELD...WE MUST INSPECT THE TERRAIN AND CHECK ON THE ENEMY'S STRENGTH IN THAT AREA! THEN WE WILL MOVE IN...FOR THE MOST DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE COMMUNIST REVOLUTION IN GREECE!

FOR A RED VICTORY!



MEANWHILE...SPEEDING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A WEB OF INTRIGUE...

WASHINGTON'S A PRETTY CROWDED PLACE...SO IT'S A GOOD THING FOR ME THAT MARTA REMEMBERED TO ARRANGE FOR A ROOM!

ANDY STILL HAS A FULL DAY'S FLYING AHEAD OF HIM...AND AT THAT MOMENT...IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL REGENT...

GOOD AFTERNOON! I PRESUME MY USUAL ROOM IS AVAILABLE?

I'M SORRY, MADAM... BUT I DON'T SEEM TO...UH...REMEMBER YOU!



ANDY DUNHAM (SEA, ATHENS) HAS RESERVED ROOM 1510 - HOTEL REGENT



INOCEO! IT'S TRUE I HAVEN'T STOPPED AT THE REGENT DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS, WHILE I VACATIONED ON THE RIVIERA... BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR FORGETTING ME! I'M MRS. FINCHLEY... AND I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN ROOM 1510 DURING MY TRIPS TO WASHINGTON!

WE'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU YOUR OLD ROOM, MRS. FINCHLEY... BUT UNFORTUNATELY, YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR ONLY ONE DAY... SINCE IT'S RESERVED AFTER THEM!



ONE DAY IN ROOM 1510 WILL BE QUITE ENOUGH, YOUNG MAN!



MINUTES LATER...

SO YOU MANAGED TO GET THE ROOM ANDY DUNHAM HAD RESERVED, EH?

NOTHING TO IT...WHEN OUR ATHENS HEADQUARTERS IS INTERCEPTING EVERY CABLE HE RECEIVES! THIS GIVES US A CHANCE TO HAVE THE ROOM KEY COPIED... AND BY TOMORROW NIGHT, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEARCH DUNHAM'S PAPERS FOR THOSE VITAL AIRFIELD PLANS... WITHOUT HIS BEING ANY THE WISER!



REACHING WASHINGTON NEXT DAY--
ANDY REPORTS TO ECA HEADQUARTERS!

THESE DUPLICATE REPORTS COVER OUR PROJECTS IN GREECE FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS! RAILROAD IMPROVEMENT -- AIRPORT CONSTRUCTION -- ROAD BUILDING -- DOCK INSTALLATIONS -- THEY'RE ALL INCLUDED!

I'LL CHECK THE ENGINEERING DETAILS, ANDY! IF THEY'RE O.K., I'LL HAVE THE CONTRACTORS ON HAND TOMORROW -- AND YOU CAN SIGN THE NECESSARY PAPERS TO GET THE WORK UNDER WAY!

A HALF HOUR LATER -- AT THE HOTEL REGENT --

NOTHING TO DO UNTIL TOMORROW -- SO I MIGHT AS WELL LOOK UP A FEW FRIENDS! THOSE ORIGINAL REPORTS IN MY LOCKED BRIEF CASE SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH RIGHT HERE!

AS ANDY STEPS INTO THE STREET --
THE SPY POSING AS "MRS. FINCHLEY" SPOTS HIS QUARRY!

HERE HE COMES -- JUST THE KIND OF SOFT-HEARTED FOOL WHO CAN BE LURED INTO HELPING AN OLD LADY IN DISTRESS! THE LONGER I CAN KEEP HIM OCCUPIED -- THE MORE TIME THE OTHERS WILL HAVE TO SEARCH HIS ROOM AND EXAMINE THE PAPERS!

OH, I'LL SKIN THAT JENKINS ALIVE! THE IDEA -- LEAVING ME HERE!

ANYTHING WRONG, MA'AM?

MY CHAUFFEUR HAS DISAPPEARED -- AND I HAVE AN URGENT ENGAGEMENT IN GEORGETOWN! I HAVEN'T DRIVEN FOR TWENTY YEARS -- BUT I'LL GET THERE IF IT KILLS ME!

I'D HATE TO SEE THAT HAPPEN! SUPPOSE I TAKE A FEW MOMENTS -- AND FILL IN FOR JENKINS?

SEVERAL MILES BEYOND --

LET'S SEE -- DID WE TURN LEFT ON CONNECTICUT AVENUE? OR WAS IT MASSACHUSETTS -- I ALWAYS GET THE TWO MIXED UP!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER SHE **WANTS** TO TAKE THE LONGEST WAY TO GEORGETOWN -- BUT SHE'S BEEN POINTING OUT A NEW DIRECTION EVERY OTHER BLOCK! I'LL BET SHE CHANGES HER MIND **AGAIN** AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION!

OH, DEAR -- I MEANT TO TELL YOU TO TAKE **THAT** STREET! CAN YOU SWING AROUND THE BLOCK?

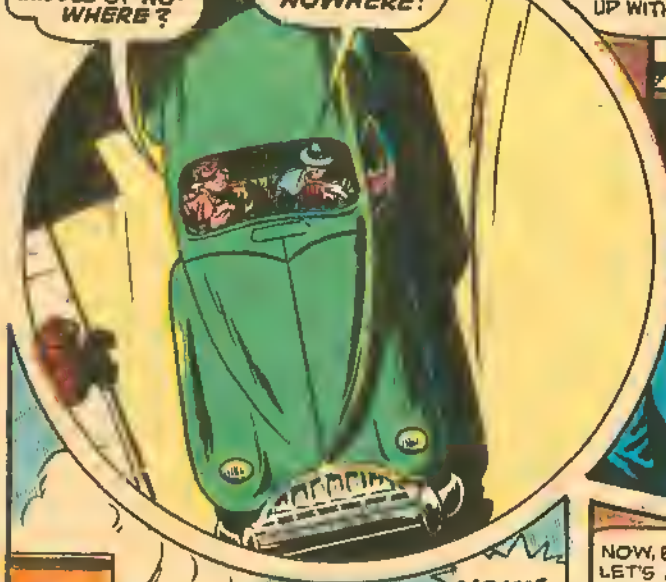
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY UNUSUAL FOR AN OLD LADY -- A **TATTOOED WRIST!**

BUT WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE... RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF NO-WHERE?

THAT'S JUST WHERE YOU'RE GETTING... NOWHERE!

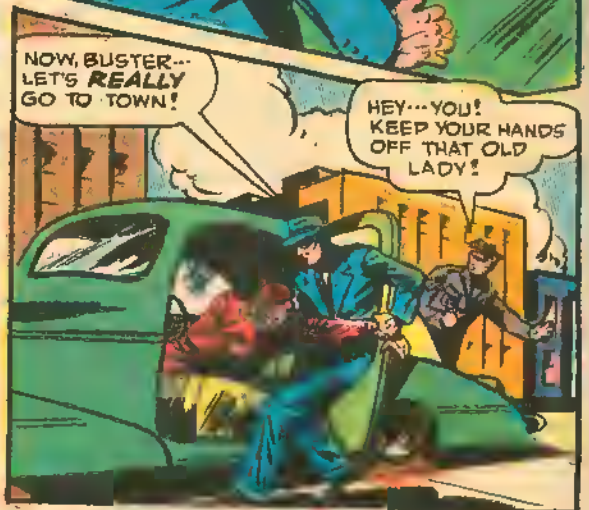
AS FOR ME, CHUM... WHEN I GET A RUN-AROUND, SOME-ONE'S GOT TO COME UP WITH THE REASON!

GET BACK IN AND START DRIVING... FAST!



NOW, BUSTER... LET'S REALLY GO TO TOWN!

HEY... YOU! KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT OLD LADY!



MY GUESS IS ESPIONAGE? I'M ANDY DUNHAM... ECA... AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER GET BACK TO MY HOTEL WHILE YOU TROT THIS CHARACTER AROUND TO THE FBI!

DISGUISED? WHAT GOES ON HERE, ANYWAY?

ARE YOU KIDDING?

MINUTES LATER... THE ONE THING WE'RE AFTER IS BOUND TO BE IN THAT BRIEF CASE... IT'S JAMMED FULL!

HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS IF I FORCE THE LOCK... I'LL KEEP TRYING THESE SKELETON KEYS!



I DON'T KNOW YOUR FACES, RATS -- BUT YOUR METHODS MAKE ME SEE RED!



DUNHAM! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO STEAL THE PAPERS OPENLY!



I DON'T LIKE THAT IDEA EITHER, COMRADE!



CRASH!

UGH!

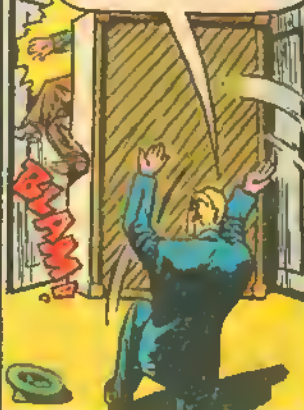
WE MIGHT AS WELL GET HIS KEYS! I WANT TO OPEN THE BRIEF CASE BEFORE WE LEAVE--AND MAKE SURE IT CONTAINS THE PAPERS WE'RE AFTER!



GOOD IDEA! I'LL SEARCH HIM SOON AS I'VE PICKED UP MY GUN!

WITH A SUDDEN HEAVE AGAINST THE FOLDING BED--

HERE'S A PICKUP THAT WILL REALLY GET YOU PLACES, CRUMBS!



BLAM!



THE SPIES SCURRY DOWN THE CORRIDOR--AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

TAKE IT DOWN --AND NO STOPS!

BLAZES! IT'S A SURE THING I CAN RACE THEM DOWN --FROM THE FIFTEENTH FLOOR!

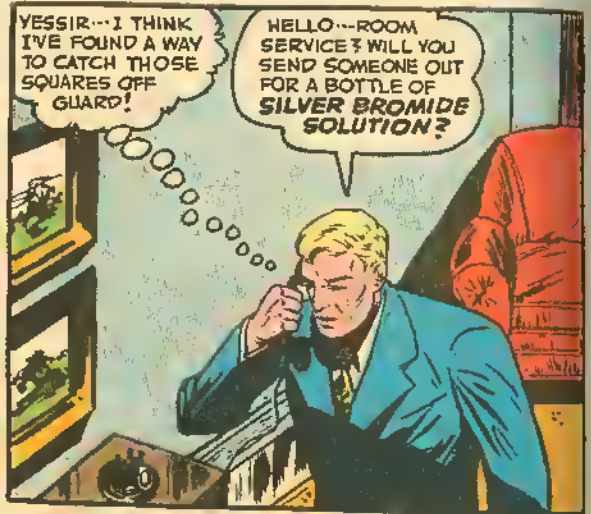


FROM WHAT I HEARD THOSE SPIES ARE INTERESTED IN JUST **ONE PARTICULAR PHASE** OF ECA ACTIVITY IN GREECE... BUT **WHICH?** MAYBE I CAN TRICK THEM INTO SHOWING THEIR HAND! SINCE THEY'VE EVIDENTLY HAD THEIR ORDERS TO LEARN WHAT'S INSIDE MY BRIEF CASE, IT'S A SAFE BET THEY'LL TRY AGAIN... BECAUSE COMMUNIST AGENTS CAN'T AFFORD TO FAIL!



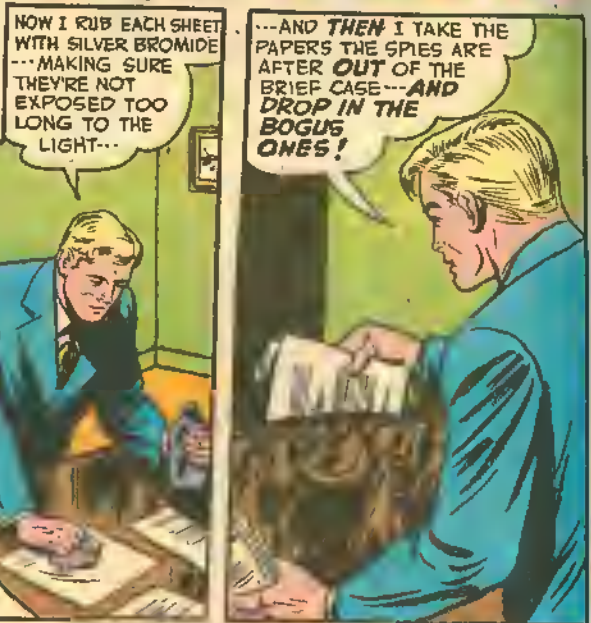
YESSIR... I THINK I'VE FOUND A WAY TO CATCH THOSE SQUARES OFF GUARD!

HELLO... ROOM SERVICE? WILL YOU SEND SOMEONE OUT FOR A BOTTLE OF SILVER BROMIDE SOLUTION?



NOW I RUB EACH SHEET WITH SILVER BROMIDE... MAKING SURE THEY'RE NOT EXPOSED TOO LONG TO THE LIGHT...

...AND THEN I TAKE THE PAPERS THE SPIES ARE AFTER **OUT** OF THE BRIEF CASE... AND **DROP IN THE BOGUS ONES!**



MINUTES LATER...

THE FIRST STEP IS THIS BATCH OF FAKE REPORTS... TYPED ON ECA STATIONERY TO MAKE THEM LOOK OFFICIAL! I'VE BATTED OUT SEPARATE SHEETS FOR RAILROADS THAT DON'T EXIST... IMAGINARY ROADS... AND PIPE DREAM AIRPORTS!

HERE'S THAT STUFF YOU ORDERED, SIR!



SOON AFTERWARD... IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...

MAYBE THAT CHARACTER SQUINTING OVER THE TOP OF HIS NEWSPAPER **WASN'T** ASSIGNED TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME... BUT I'M GOING TO SPREAD MY BAIT ANYWAY... AND MAKE SURE HE HEARS ME!

I'M EXPECTING A MR. BRONSON TO ARRIVE AND LOOK OVER THE PAPERS IN THIS BRIEF CASE! SINCE THEY'RE HIGHLY SECRET, I'VE ALREADY EXPLAINED TO BRONSON THAT THE DOCUMENTS MUST REMAIN RIGHT HERE AT THE DESK WHILE HE'S EXAMINING THEM!

ALL RIGHT, MR. DUNHAM... I'LL ATTEND TO IT!



A MOMENT LATER...

MY NAME'S BRONSON! MR. DUNHAM TOLD ME HE'D LEAVE HIS BRIEF CASE HERE SO THAT I COULD LOOK IT OVER!

WELL... GUESS I CAN GET OVER TO ECA! WHILE I'M WINDING UP THOSE CONTRACTS, THIS DOPE WILL BE ACCOMPLISHING **PLENTY**... SETTING A TRAP FOR BOTH HIMSELF AND HIS ACCOMPLICES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC!

TOWARD EVENING...

NOW THAT THE CONTRACTS ARE SIGNED, ANDY... I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU AROUND WASHINGTON! IT'S A SURE THING YOU WON'T FIND ANY EXCITEMENT WHEN YOU GET BACK TO GREECE!

JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME... I EXPECT TO BE UP TO MY NECK IN IT! I'LL SEND YOU THE DETAILS FROM ATHENS!

BACK AT THE HOTEL... ANDY IMPATIENTLY EXAMINES THE PAPERS HE HAD LEFT FOR THE SPY!

THE LONGER SILVER BROMIDE IS EXPOSED TO LIGHT... THE DARKER IT BECOMES! ALL THE SHEETS HAVE A SMOKY SMUDGE... SHOWING THAT THE SPY RIFFLED THROUGH THEM, LOOKING FOR THE PAPER HE WAS MOST INTERESTED IN!

THAT PAGE SHOULD BE BLACKER THAN THE OTHERS... BECAUSE HE TOOK TIME TO READ IT!

HERE IT IS... AND IT PROVES THE COMMUNIST REBELS IN GREECE HAVE THEIR HOOKS OUT FOR THAT PROJECTED AIRFIELD! ONLY THEY'LL BE SETTING THEIR SIGHTS ON A **DECYOY LOCATION**... A MEADOW ON THE ROAD SOUTH OF THE TOWN OF VOLMIA!

IF I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT COMMUNIST THOROUGHNESS, THEY'LL BE BUZZING AROUND VOLMIA BEFORE THEIR GUERRILLAS MOVE IN... AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT THEY **FIND** SOMETHING!

AIRPORT... AND GIVE HER THE GUN!

HOP IN, PAL... I'M NEXT BEST THING TO A TURBO-JET!

LATE NEXT DAY... IN ATHENS...

OH, ANDY... IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU BACK!

UMMMM... SOMETHING TELLS ME I OUGHT TO TRAVEL MORE OFTEN, PET!

AND TO THINK I WORRIED ABOUT YOUR RUNNING INTO SPIES! I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW SILLY IT MUST HAVE SOUNDED, ANDY!

OH, SURE... ABSOLUTELY DAFFY! BUT IT WASN'T HALF AS SCREWBALL AS THE GOINGS-ON I WENT THROUGH IN WASHINGTON... BECAUSE I **DID** MEET COMMUNIST AGENTS... AND I EXPECT TO FIND A FEW **MORE** WHEN WE GET TO VOLMIA!

VOLMIA! BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THE SPIES WILL TURN UP, ANDY?

I WOULDN'T BE-- IF I HADN'T ALREADY SEEN THE FAST-PACED EFFICIENCY WITH WHICH THEY OPERATE! I TRICKED THE COMRADES INTO THINKING IT'S THE SITE OF OUR NEW AIRFIELD--AND YOU CAN BET THEY'LL BE THERE TO LOOK IT OVER!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER... IN A LIGHT DRIZZLE...

WE'RE JUST OUTSIDE VOLMIA, ANDY--AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS **YET!**

NO USE ASKING THOSE PEASANTS WHETHER THEY'VE NOTICED ANY STRANGERS AROUND--BECAUSE THE SPIES WOULD BE SMART ENOUGH TO WAIT UNTIL THE FIELD IS DESERTED!



I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON! WAIT THERE, HUH?

OH-OH! I WAS BROUGHT UP ON A GREEK FARM, ANDY--AND NO PEASANT I EVER SAW WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO STACK WET HAY!

GO WAY, MISTER! RAIN COME--WE VERY BUSY WITH HAY!

GOSH--THE GROUND IS GETTING A TRIFLE WET, ISN'T IT?

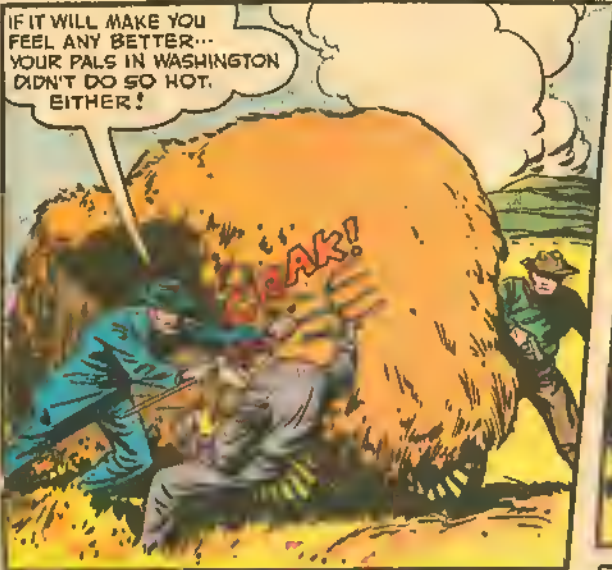


HUUUGH!

I'M OUT FOR THE PAYOFF, RATS--AND THAT'S NOT HAY!--AHA! A HIDDEN SURVEYOR IN HERE, EH?

OW!





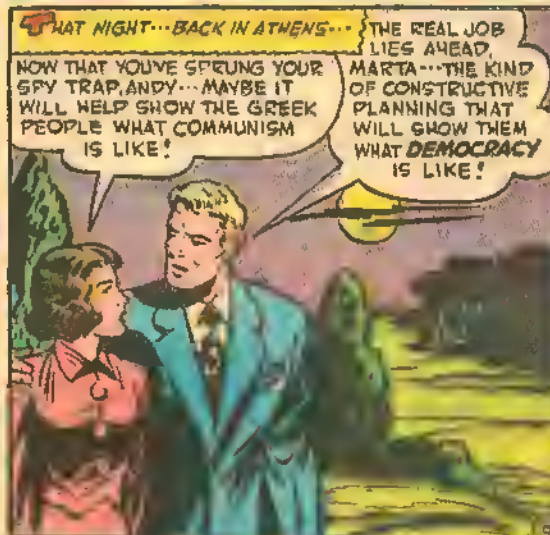
HERE'S A GROUP OF VILLAGERS RUSH ACROSS THE FIELD...

HERE COME A FEW OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE TAKEN YEARS OF COMMUNIST PILLAGING AND VIOLENCE, RATS! WHETHER YOU'RE TURNED OVER TO THEM... OR RIDE TO ATHENS FOR TRIAL... DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH I FIND OUT!



DON'T LEAVE US HERE... THOSE PEASANTS WILL HANG US! WE'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT OUR HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON AND ATHENS!

NICE TO KNOW WE'LL MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP! O.K.... INTO THE CAR!



WHAT NIGHT... BACK IN ATHENS... NOW THAT YOU'VE SPRUNG YOUR SPY TRAP, ANDY... MAYBE IT WILL HELP SHOW THE GREEK PEOPLE WHAT COMMUNISM IS LIKE!

THE REAL JOB LIES AHEAD, MARTA... THE KIND OF CONSTRUCTIVE PLANNING THAT WILL SHOW THEM WHAT DEMOCRACY IS LIKE!

COLD Fingers

ALEX JONES, night supervisor at International Electronics Corporation, was not only old—he was also old-fashioned. Of course, he would never have admitted it—he'd always try to explain away his distrust of new-fangled inventions like safes and locks by saying, "Nope, safes just *aren't* safe! The only thing you can trust is a *man* you can trust!"

And since he felt misunderstood and didn't want anyone to laugh at him, he never told what he did when he was alone in the plant at night. No, he didn't dare tell anyone that he always took the secret plans out of the safe and hid them in his own little hiding place, putting them back just before the day shift came on.

As it was, he knew that the plant manager was just looking for an excuse to fire him because of his age—that he was kept on the payroll only because J. P. Conroy, the founder of the firm, had stipulated in his will that Alex, the only man who had ever faithfully stuck by him, be kept on as long as he was physically able. Of course, J. P. had died before the firm had received contracts to work on the highly secret magnetic weapon the government had ordered. Alex had a hunch that even J. P. would have thought him too old to be entrusted with the security of such vitally important plans.

However, he knew that he would resign the minute he felt too old for the job—just as he knew that day was still far off. Yes, despite his sixty-seven years, he felt young—and kept hoping that something would happen while he was on duty to prove to everyone that he could be depended upon.

And something *did* happen—the night he caught the burly prowler outside the secret file room. Swiftly drawing his revolver, Alex stepped behind the man and

growled, "All right, get your hands up—*fast!*"

The man whirled around, his gun blazing, but Alex's shot got him right between the eyes. Alex glanced briefly down at the prone body and wondered whether the man had been merely a lookout for someone else inside.

Cautiously, he stepped into the darkness of the room, gun at the ready—and suddenly felt himself being pounced on from behind. Something hard smashed cruelly against his arm, and he was forced to drop his gun. Then the lights were flashed on and he found himself looking into the barrel of a .45 revolver, held by a man with a hard, vicious face.

"All right, you old fogey," the man said. "Where are those plans? That safe opened as easy as taking candy from a baby—but the plans weren't there! I'll give you three seconds—"

For the first time in his life, Alex saw death staring him in the face. He motioned towards the tank and said, "In that oxygen tank over there—just don't shoot!"

"Oxygen, eh?" the man snarled. "That's only a gas—okay, don't try any tricks while I reach into that tank—because this gun will still be in my other hand!"

The man pried off the lid and reached his hand into it—and suddenly leaped back with a howl of pain. "OWWW! My hand—it's *freezing!*"

Yelling with pain, the man dropped his gun, and a moment later Alex held it in his hand, grinning. "I'd advise you not to move your fingers," he said. "Because that was *liquid* oxygen you stuck your hand into—at a temperature of 183 degrees below zero! Right now, your fingers are so brittle, they can be broken off like candy sticks! And maybe your cold fingers will show everyone that I don't have *cold feet!*"

CHEVALIER... OR CHARMER?



IF YOU DOUBT MIRACLES, LADS... BEHOLD THE CHEVALIER D'EON! HE WAS DRESSED AS A GIRL UNTIL THE AGE OF SEVEN... AND NOW HE WEARS A SWORD!

CAREFUL, BLOCKHEADS! WHEN THE DAY COMES THAT A MAN CAN MOCK ME AND LIVE...

John Bell

JUST BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AN AMAZING FIGURE ROSE TO THE FOREFRONT OF THE INTRIGUE THAT SWEEPED THE COURTS OF EUROPE! THE CHEVALIER D'EON--THE GREATEST SPY AND DEADLIEST SWORSMAN OF HIS TIME--COMMANDED THE SECRETS THAT CHANGED THE HISTORY OF A CONTINENT! BUT THE REAL SECRET INVOLVED D'EON HIMSELF--BECAUSE NO ONE EVER LEARNED WHETHER HE WAS A MAN OR A WOMAN... CHEVALIER... OR CHARMER!



...THAT TOO SHALL BE A MIRACLE!

CLANK!



HOLD ON, YOU FIREBRAND--IT WAS BUT A JEST!

A JEST MUST HAVE POINT, MY FRIENDS... AND MY POINT IS ALWAYS READY!



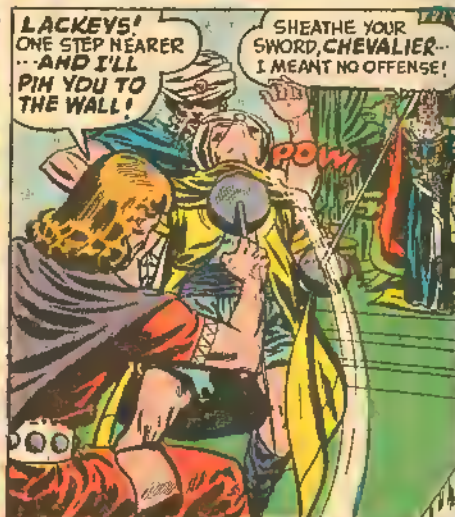
BUT THE MASTER DUELLIST SAW LITTLE ADVENTURE IN STREET BRAWLS! THERE WAS A FULLER USE FOR HIS FIGHTING METTLE-- AS A MASTER SPY!

ENGLAND AND FRANCE ARE TRYING TO WIN AN ALLIANCE WITH RUSSIA--AND BESTUCHEFF, THE RUSSIAN CHANCELLOR, FAVORS ENGLAND! HE HAS ALREADY PLOTTED THE MURDER OF SEVERAL FRENCH AGENTS... BUT MAYBE I CAN PERSUADE OUR KING TO SEND ME TO RUSSIA! EITHER WITH STEEL OR STEALTH... I WANT TO COPE WITH BESTUCHEFF!



YES, WE BELIEVE THE CHEVALIER D'EON SHALL BE USEFUL TO OUR PLANS... ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THE REPORTS THAT HE IS... AHH... A WOMAN!

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ADVISED FURTHER, SIRE... THAT SUCH AN INSULT MEANS DEATH!



LACKEYS! ONE STEP NEARER... AND I'LL PIN YOU TO THE WALL!

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD, CHEVALIER... I MEANT NO OFFENSE!



D'EON, THE CHEVALIER DOUGLAS IS READY TO GO TO RUSSIA WITH FORGED IDENTIFICATION PAPERS... AS A FUR MERCHANT! IF YOU COULD ACCOMPANY HIM DISGUISED AS A GIRL... POSING AS HIS NIECE... YOU MIGHT GAIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH HERSELF!

AN INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT, SIRE... BUT A DULL ONE! SWORDS CANNOT BE WORN WITH HOOP SKIRTS!



YOU WILL NEED YOUR SWORD... IF BESTUCHEFF GUESSES YOUR MISSION! THIS IS A COPY OF MONTESQUIEU'S "SPIRIT OF THE LAW"... AND HIDDEN UNDER THE COVER IS A LETTER I HAVE WRITTEN TO THE EMPRESS HERSELF... ASKING FOR AN ALLIANCE! THE PEACE OF EUROPE WILL BE AT STAKE... AND YOUR OWN LIFE!

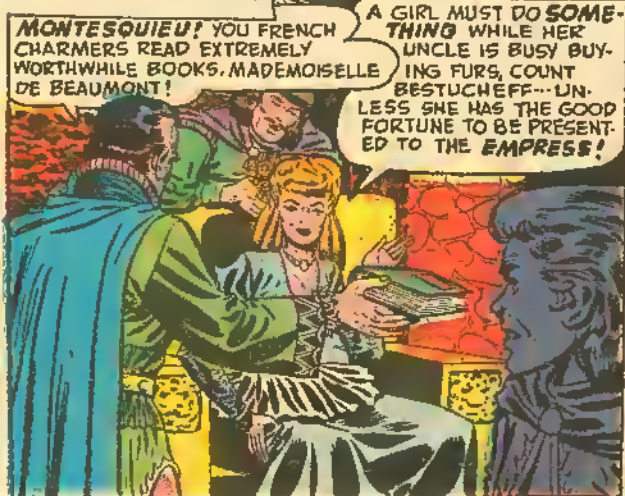
SIRE... PERHAPS SWORDS CAN BE WORN UNDER HOOP SKIRTS!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER... IN ST. PETERSBURG... SO YOU MANAGED TO COAX THE FIERCE-TEMPERED BESTUCHEFF INTO ATTENDING OUR RECEPTION... EH, "UNCLE"? SUPPOSE I TRIP OVER MY SWORD DURING THE MINUET?

DON'T JOKE ABOUT SUCH THINGS, D'EON. REMEMBER... YOU'RE MADMOISELLE DE BEAUMONT... AND WATCH YOUR STEP!

SURROUNDED BY ADMIRERS... D'EON SOON ATTRACTED BESTUCHEFF HIMSELF!



MONTESQUIEU! YOU FRENCH CHARMERS READ EXTREMELY WORTHWHILE BOOKS. MADMOISELLE DE BEAUMONT!

A GIRL MUST DO SOMETHING WHILE HER UNCLE IS BUSY BUYING FURS, COUNT BESTUCHEFF... UNLESS SHE HAS THE GOOD FORTUNE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE EMPRESS!

BUT UNDERESTIMATING AN OPPONENT CAN BE A FATAL MISTAKE FOR A SPY... AND THAT NIGHT...



WE SEARCHED THE FRENCH FUR MERCHANT'S QUARTERS, EXCELLENCY... AND FOUND THIS IN THE FALSE BOTTOM OF A SNUFFBOX! IT'S A SECRET CODE... BASED ON THE NAMES OF VARIOUS KINDS OF FURS!

FRENCH AGENTS! DISPOSE OF THEM IN THE USUAL WAY... BY DAWN... AND DON'T SPARE THE GIRL!

TOWARD MORNING... AS FOUR HIRED ASSASSINS CREPT INTO D'EON'S QUARTERS...

A STRANGER!
WHAT IS HE
DOING HERE?

THAT, YOU RASCALS,
IS FOR ME TO ASK!

AAAAGH!



YAGH!

SKULK BACK TO YOUR
MASTER, DOGS... AND
TELL HIM WHAT FRENCH
STEEL CAN
DO!

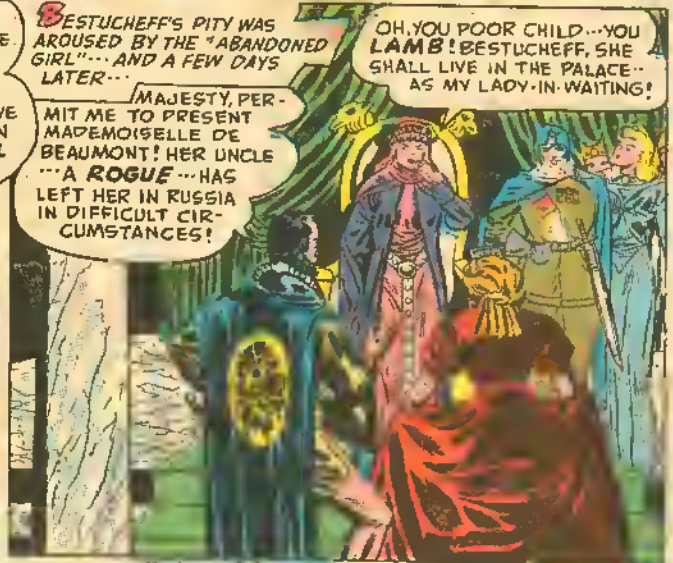
IT'S CLEAR THAT BESTUCHEFF
SUSPECTS SOMETHING, D'EON!
SINCE YOU PLAYED YOUR PART
PERFECTLY, I MUST BE THE ONE
HE DISTRUSTS...AND IT MAY
MEAN A KNIFE IN THE BACK
FOR BOTH OF US!

THEN WHY NOT
PRETEND YOU'RE
TERRIFIED?
FLEE RUSSIA...
PROVE YOU'RE
A SPY... BUT LEAVE
ME BEHIND AS AN
INNOCENT GIRL
WHO HAS BEEN
HEARTLESSLY
ABANDONED IN
HER UNCLE'S
PANICKY
FLIGHT!

BESTUCHEFF'S PITY WAS
AROUSED BY THE "ABANDONED
GIRL"... AND A FEW DAYS
LATER...

MAJESTY, PER-
MIT ME TO PRESENT
MADEMOISELLE DE
BEAUMONT! HER UNCLE
...A ROGUE... HAS
LEFT HER IN RUSSIA
IN DIFFICULT CIR-
CUMSTANCES!

OH, YOU POOR CHILD... YOU
LAMB! BESTUCHEFF, SHE
SHALL LIVE IN THE PALACE...
AS MY LADY-IN-WAITING!



SOON AFTERWARD... BESTUCHEFF
FORCED A SHOWDOWN!

WHY WOULD MADEMOISELLE
DE BEAUMONT ASK YOU TO
READ THIS VOLUME OF
MONTESQUIEU, MAJESTY...
WHEN THERE IS NOTHING
IN IT THAT COULD POSSIBLY
BE OF INTEREST?

SUPPOSE
WE LET
THE EMPRESS
DECIDE THAT,
CHANCELLOR?

I AM THE CHEVALIER D'EON...
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS MADEMOI-
SELLE DE BEAUMONT... SECRET
AGENT OF THE KING OF
FRANCE! THIS IS A PRIVATE
LETTER TO THE EMPRESS FROM
HIS MAJESTY... AND MY SWORD
WILL BE IN YOUR HEART IF
YOU TOUCH
IT!

WHY, BESTUCHEFF,
YOU OLD FOOL... HE'S TRICKED
YOU! UPON MY SOUL... THESE
FRENCH ARE
AMAZ-
ING!

NOW THAT FRANCE AND RUSSIA ARE
ALLIES, D'EON, I HAD HOPEO
YOU WOULD ENTER MY SERVICE
AS A GENERAL! BUT SINCE YOU
INSIST ON OTHER ADVENTURES
... YOU MUST AT LEAST ACCEPT
THIS SNUFFBOX!

WHAT CAN I
SAY, HIGHNESS
... OTHER THAN THAT
I SHALL THINK OF
YOU EVERY TIME I
... AHH...
SNEEZE?



AND THUS, WITH ONE DARING STROKE,
D'EON ACCOMPLISHED HIS MISSION...
BUT FOR THE REST OF HIS AMAZING
CAREER... THE LEGEND PERSISTED
THAT HE WAS A WOMAN!

The SWEET PLOT

MIKE LANSING stooped and almost effortlessly lifted the hundred-pound bag of concrete onto his brawny shoulders. Yes, he was glad he was working here, where the towers of the U. N. buildings would eventually be looming against the New York skyline. Mike could only guess how much these buildings would contribute to the cause of peace, just as he could only guess how much certain underground forces wanted to make sure these buildings were never built—wanted war!

Mike felt certain somehow that if there were any organized remnants of Nazis and Fascists left in the world, their prime objective would be to destroy the U. N. before it could ever grow strong enough to enforce peace. And what better way would there be than by destroying the U. N. headquarters and making it seem as if one of the great powers had been responsible? Yes, the resulting anger and suspicion would then be enough to light the fuse of a third World War!

But—maybe these were all wild fantasies. Mike took a firmer grip on the concrete bag and started walking towards the excavation—when he suddenly felt himself being roughly pushed from behind. Caught off balance, he tripped over a steel girder and went sprawling full length on the ground, his face buried in the concrete that had spilled from the bag.

"That'll teach you not to daydream

on the job!" a booming voice roared above him. "Now get back to work!"

Mike hardly heard the foreman—his mind was busily pondering the meaning of that sweet taste in his mouth. There was something sweet in that concrete—sugar-sweet! Sugar . . . !

With lightning-quick agility, Mike leaped up, his hands on the burly foreman's throat. With a savagery he didn't know was in him, he poured all the strength in his powerful body into his fingers, pressing down hard against that throat . . . harder. "Start talking!" Mike grated out. "I know you're the only one who could have okayed concrete that had sugar in it! Who are your accomplices?—Quick!"

Eyes popping, the foreman managed to gasp out, "Leggo—I . . . I'll talk!"

An hour later, when the entire gang had been rounded up by the police, Mike realized that they had certainly thought of a sweet plot. It was lucky he'd remembered that as little as one percent of sugar in structural concrete made it unsound—and the plotters had had just enough sugar in the U. N. concrete to make sure that it would all collapse when the structure was almost completed.

Yes, it was a sweet plot, all right, Mike thought—but they hadn't counted on a member of the U. S. Counter-Intelligence Corps posing as a day-laborer and securing a construction job just to sour any sweet plots like that!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946

OF RHY HUNTERS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., on October 1, 1949. State of New York County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of RHY HUNTERS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Penal Law and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form: to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor and Business Manager are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 W. 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Frederick H. Jager, 50 Heverly Road, Great Neck, L. I.

2. That the owner is, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.; E. W. Sangor, 7 West 41st Street, New York, N. Y.

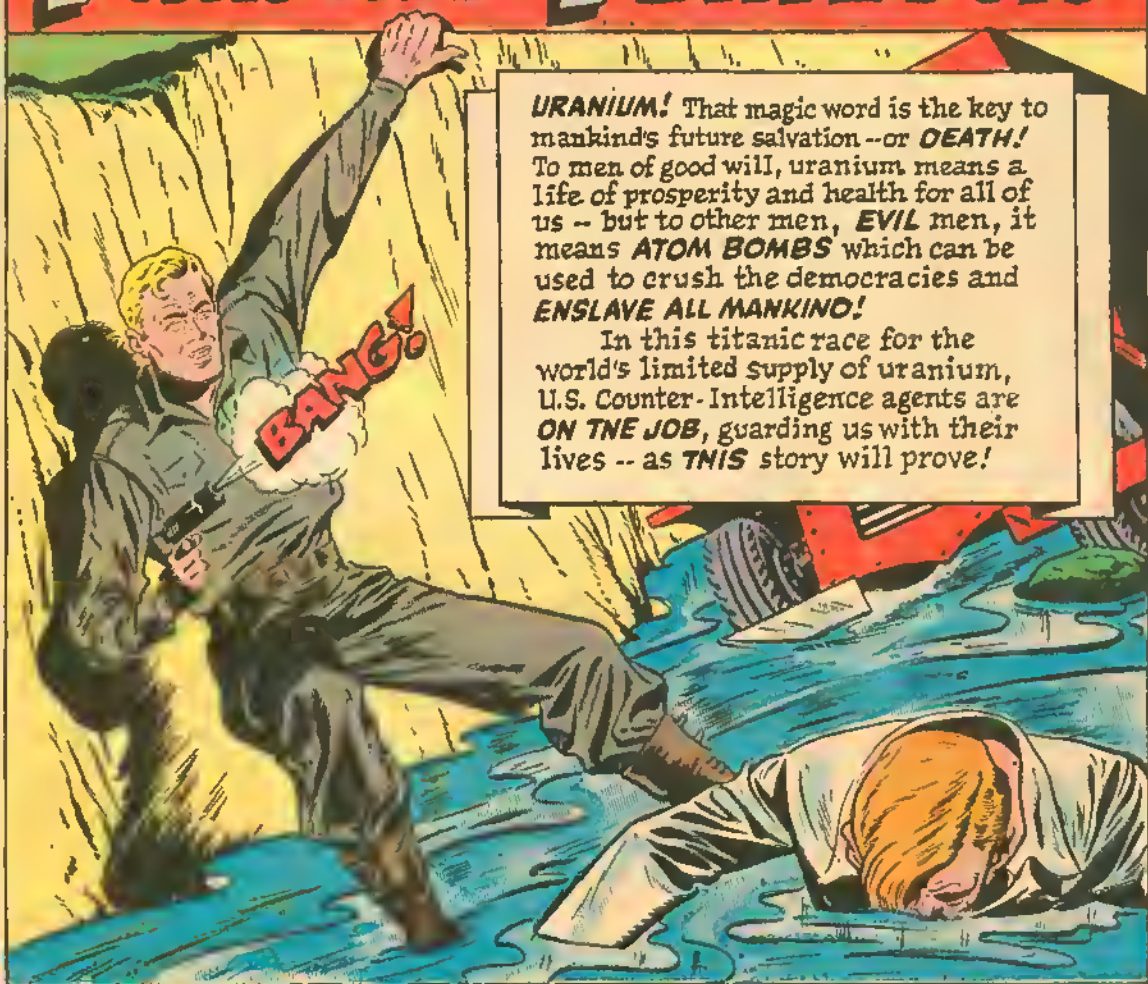
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also that the two paragraphs contain statements embracing a grant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him (Signed) Richard E. Hughes, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September 1949

Not C. Sherman, Notary Public, (Commission expires Mar. 30, 1951.)

PURSUIT PERILOUS



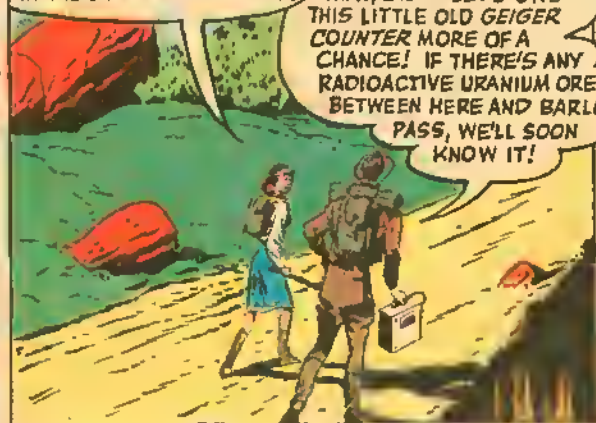
URANIUM! That magic word is the key to mankind's future salvation -- or **DEATH!** To men of good will, uranium means a life of prosperity and health for all of us -- but to other men, **EVIL** men, it means **ATOM BOMBS** which can be used to crush the democracies and **ENSLAVE ALL MANKIND!**

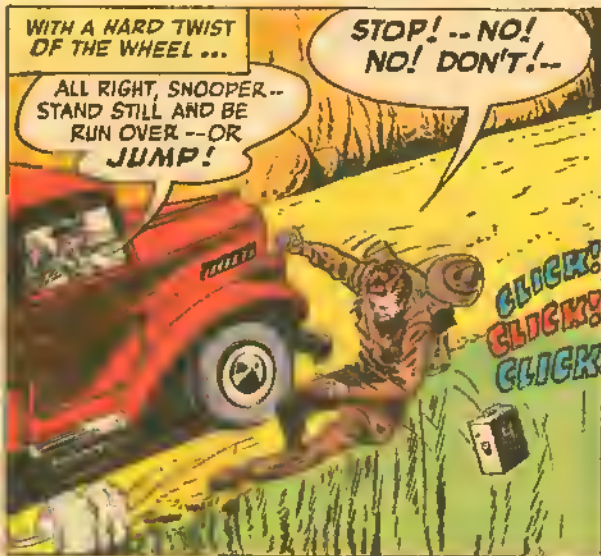
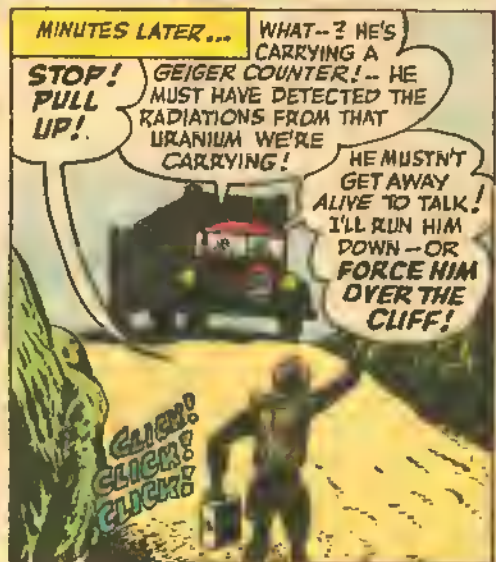
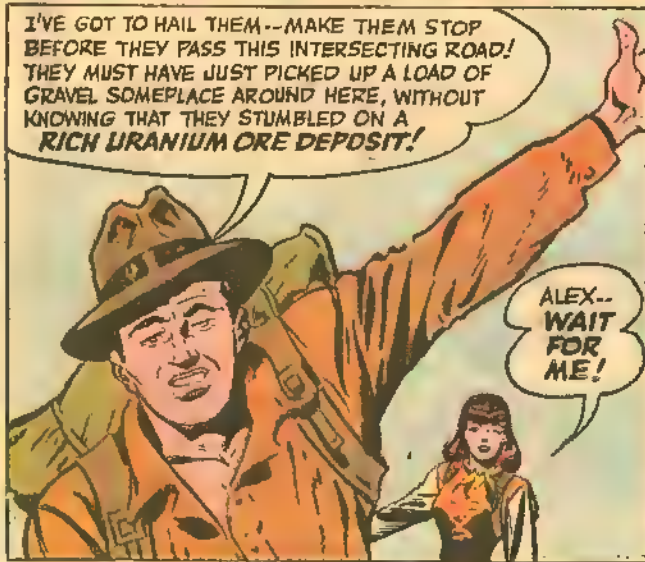
In this titanic race for the world's limited supply of uranium, U.S. Counter-Intelligence agents are **ON THE JOB**, guarding us with their lives -- as **THIS** story will prove!

OH, COME ON, ALEX -- LET'S GIVE UP! WE'VE BEEN AT IT FOR **WEEKS** -- THERE JUST **ISN'T** ANY URANIUM IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS!

WHATT -- THE ONLY BROTHER-SISTER GEOLOGIST TEAM IN OREGON SHOULD **QUIT?** WE CAN'T DO THAT, SIS -- LET'S GIVE THIS LITTLE OLD **GEIGER COUNTER** MORE OF A CHANCE! IF THERE'S ANY RADIOACTIVE URANIUM ORE BETWEEN HERE AND BARLOW PASS, WE'LL SOON KNOW IT!

AND WITH THE GOVERNMENT OFFERING A BOUNTY OF \$10,000 TO ANYONE WHO LOCATES A NEW SOURCE OF URANIUM, WE'LL BE ABLE TO OPEN UP OUR OWN GEOLOGICAL LAB IF -- **LISTEN!** THE **GEIGER COUNTER!** WE MUST BE **NEAR SOME URANIUM!**





ALEX! .. OHHH, WHAT A... HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE! THOSE -- THOSE **BEASTS**-- THEY **PURPOSELY** DID IT! THEY DIDN'T SEE ME... BUT... I... I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL THEY'RE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!



AN HOUR LATER, IN PORTLAND...

...AND THAT TRUCK WAS HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF PORTLAND! I... I'D HAVE GOTTEN HERE SOONER, BUT I HAD TO WAIT TILL A CAR PICKED ME UP! -- YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO CATCH THEM!

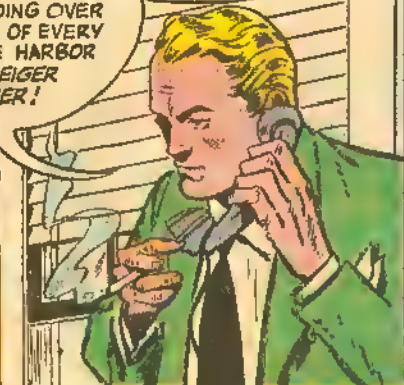
HMM, SO THEY WERE CARRYING A LOAD OF **URANIUM ORE**, EH? SOUNDS LIKE A CASE FOR **U.S. COUNTER INTELLIGENCE** -- I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THEM!



MINUTES LATER...

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CALLED ME, SERGEANT!

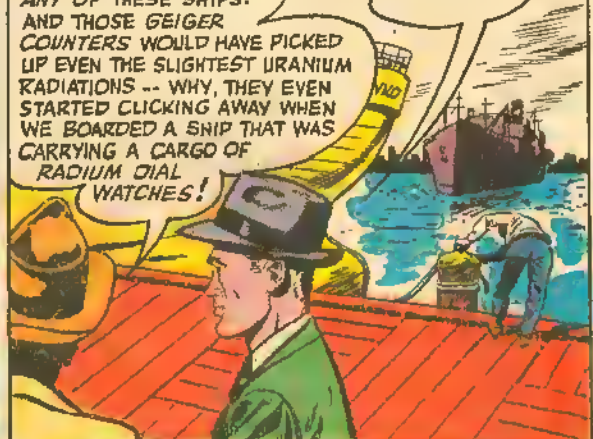
A FOREIGN POWER MAY BE TRYING TO SMUGGLE OUT THAT URANIUM FROM PORTLAND HARBOR! I'VE GOT A STAFF OF TRAINED RADIATION TECHNICIANS READY FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY AS **THIS** -- THEY'RE GOING OVER EVERY INCH OF EVERY SHIP IN THE HARBOR WITH A **GEIGER COUNTER**!



HOURS LATER...

NO DICE, CHIEF -- THERE'S NO URANIUM ON BOARD ANY OF THESE SHIPS! AND THOSE **GEIGER COUNTERS** WOULD HAVE PICKED UP EVEN THE SLIGHTEST URANIUM RADIATIONS -- WHY, THEY EVEN STARTED CLICKING AWAY WHEN WE BOARDED A SHIP THAT WAS CARRYING A CARGO OF **RADIUM DIAL WATCHES**!

WHA -- DID YOU SAY **RADIUM DIAL WATCHES**? WHAT SHIP WAS THAT?



WHY, IT WAS A **TORG TRADING COMPANY SHIP** -- THEY MAKE THE **PORTLAND-VLADIVOSTOK** RUN EVERY WEEK!

COME ON! THAT MUST BE OUR **BABY!** **RADIUM EMISSIONS** CAN CONCEAL **URANIUM RADIATIONS** -- SO THAT EVEN A **GEIGER COUNTER** CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'EM!

MINUTES LATER...

SORRY, CAPTAIN, BUT... BUT IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR US TO SAIL! WE'RE JUST CARRYING A SHIPMENT OF **PHOSPHORESCENT DIAL WATCHES**!

WELL, IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THOSE WATCHES WILL BE SAYING IT'S TIME TO **JAIL**, INSTEAD OF **SAIL**! I'LL JUST PRY OPEN ONE OF THESE--

WHY, YOU SNOOPING--!
IVAN! MAXIM!





SO, YOU'RE CRYING FOR HELP, EH? WELL, MAYBE THIS CROWBAR WILL MAKE YOU CROW A DIFFERENT TUNE!

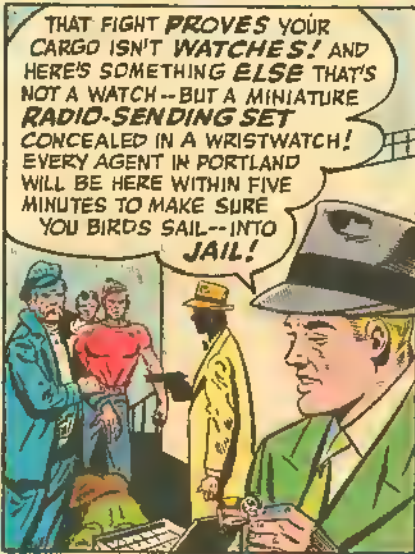
OWWW! MY ARM!

AH, HERE COME THE JUNIOR COMMISSARS! I'LL HANDLE 'EM, CHIEF!

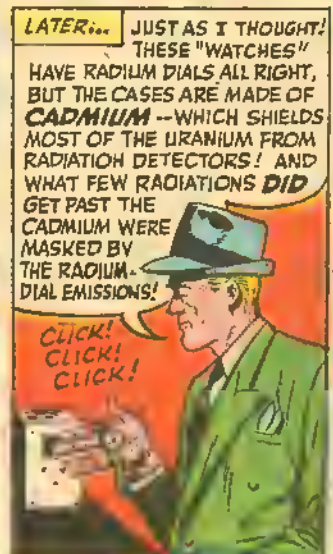


ALL RIGHT, IF THE REST OF YOU BOZOS DON'T WANT TO JOIN IVAN AND MAXIM ON THE FLOOR -- START RAISING THOSE HANDS!

BANG! BANG!

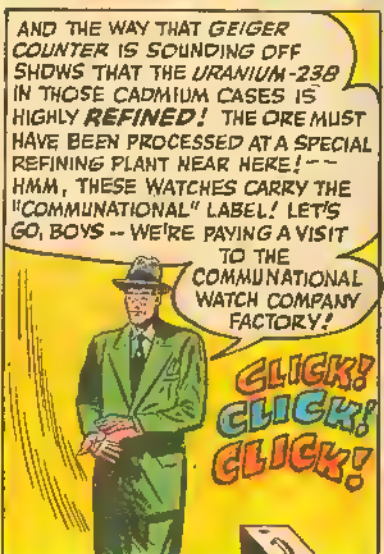


THAT FIGHT PROVES YOUR CARGO ISN'T WATCHES! AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT'S NOT A WATCH -- BUT A MINIATURE RADIO-SENDING SET CONCEALED IN A WRISTWATCH! EVERY AGENT IN FORTLAND WILL BE HERE WITHIN FIVE MINUTES TO MAKE SURE YOU BIRDS SAIL -- INTO JAIL!



LATER... JUST AS I THOUGHT! THESE "WATCHES" HAVE RADIUM DIALS ALL RIGHT, BUT THE CASES ARE MADE OF CADMIUM -- WHICH SHIELDS MOST OF THE URANIUM FROM RADIATION DETECTORS! AND WHAT FEW RADIATIONS DID GET PAST THE CADMIUM WERE MASKED BY THE RADIUM-DIAL EMISSIONS!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!



AND THE WAY THAT GEIGER COUNTER IS SOUNDING OFF SHOWS THAT THE URANIUM-238 IN THOSE CADMIUM CASES IS HIGHLY REFINED! THE ORE MUST HAVE BEEN PROCESSED AT A SPECIAL REFINING PLANT NEAR HERE! -- HMM, THESE WATCHES CARRY THE "COMMUNATIONAL" LABEL! LET'S GO, BOYS -- WE'RE PAYING A VISIT TO THE COMMUNATIONAL WATCH COMPANY FACTORY!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!



AN HOUR LATER... OKAY, CHIEF, WE'VE THROWN A CORDON COMPLETELY AROUND THE PLANT!

GOOD! I'M GOING IN THERE NOW -- AND IF I'M NOT OUT IN TEN MINUTES, OPEN FIRE WITH TEAR-GAS BOMBS AND START POURING IN!



THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TROUBLE AT THE SHIP -- I COULDN'T CONTACT THEM BY RADIO! AND NOW WE ARE SURROUNDED! -- GET UP TO THE ROOF AND START WARMING UP THE HELICOPTER! I'LL HOLD THEM OFF A WHILE AND THEN JOIN YOU!

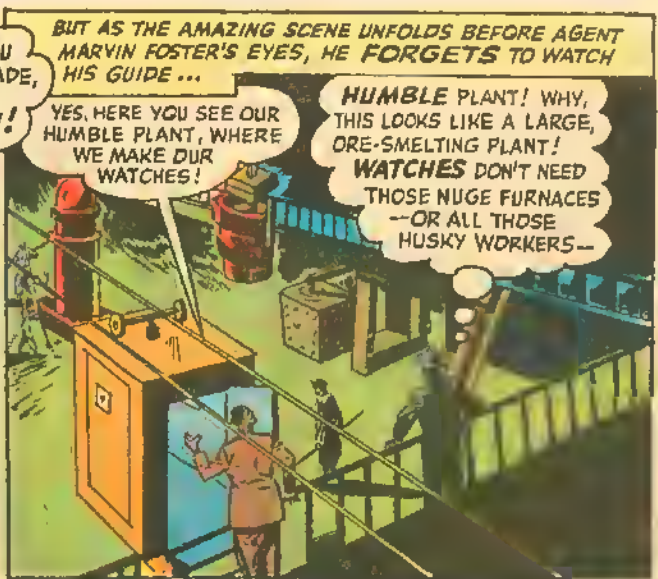
I GO QUICKLY, BRYUSOV!



MOMENTS LATER...

AH, I AM DELIGHTED TO BE OF SERVICE TO THE UNITED STATES COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SERVICE! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU AROUND THE PLANT!

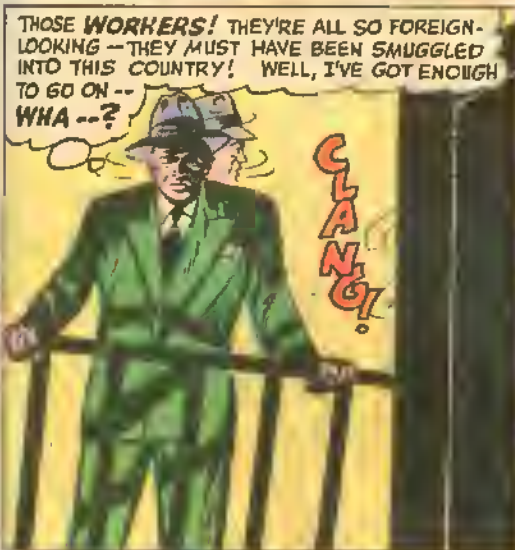
YEAH, BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOU SHOW ME, COMRADE, I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!



BUT AS THE AMAZING SCENE UNFOLDS BEFORE AGENT MARVIN FOSTER'S EYES, HE FORGETS TO WATCH HIS GUIDE ...

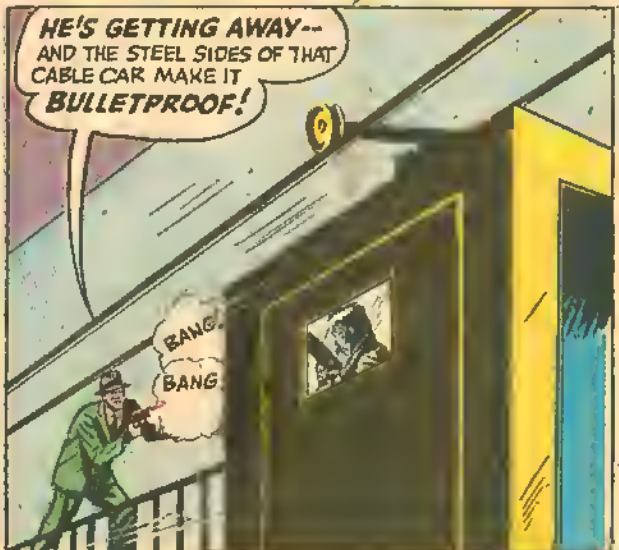
YES, HERE YOU SEE OUR HUMBLE PLANT, WHERE WE MAKE OUR WATCHES!

HUMBLE PLANT! WHY, THIS LOOKS LIKE A LARGE, ORE-SMELTING PLANT! WATCHES DON'T NEED THOSE HUGE FURNACES --OR ALL THOSE HUSKY WORKERS--



THOSE WORKERS! THEY'RE ALL SO FOREIGN-LOOKING --THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THIS COUNTRY! WELL, I'VE GOT ENOUGH TO GO ON -- WHA --?

CLANG!



HE'S GETTING AWAY-- AND THE STEEL SIDES OF THAT CABLE CAR MAKE IT BULLETPROOF!

BANG!
BANG



IF I CAN ONLY GET AROUND TO HIM BEFORE HE-- NO! IT'S TOO LATE! THERE HE GOES THROUGH THAT DOOR!

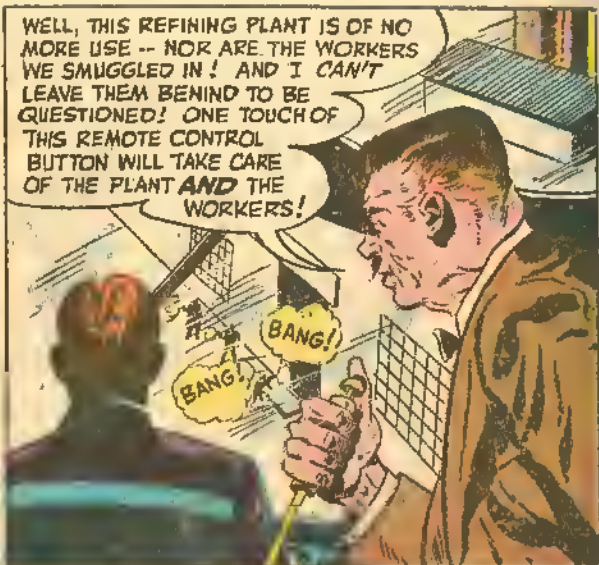
BANG!



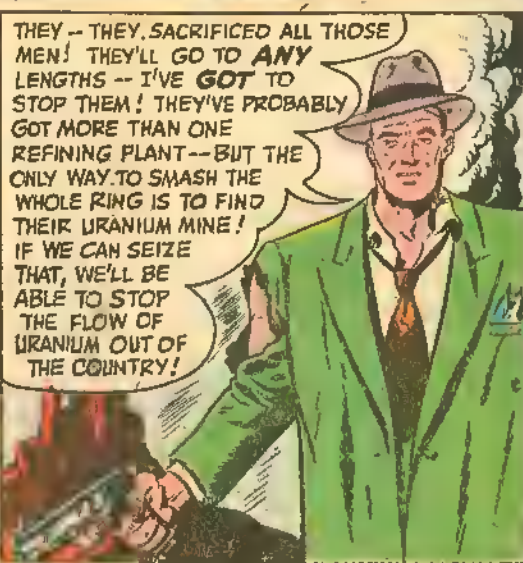
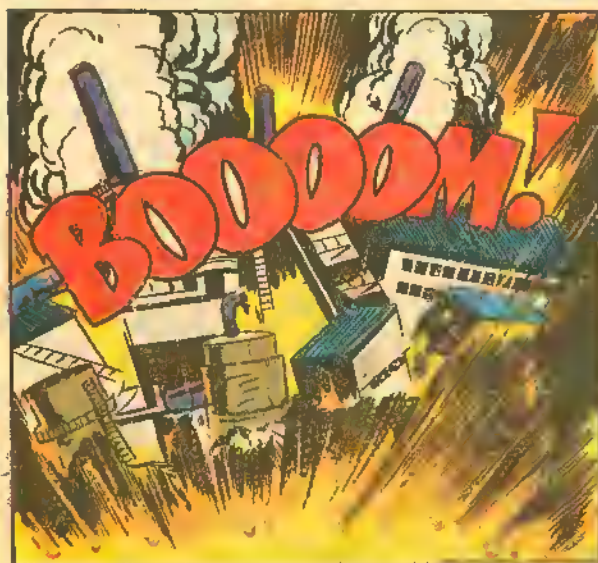
THEN ... OH-OH! SOUNDS LIKE A PLANE ENGINE-- ON THE ROOF! HE MUST'VE HAD A HELICOPTER WAITING! I'LL HEAD OUTSIDE -- WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO SHOOT HIM DOWN!



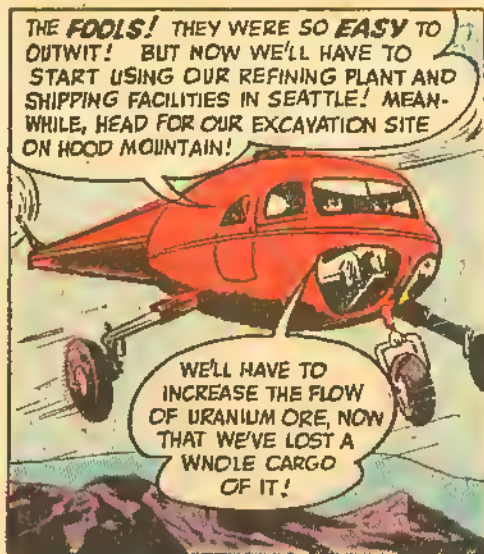
FIRE AT THAT 'COPTER! SHOOT IT DOWN!



WELL, THIS REFINING PLANT IS OF NO MORE USE -- NOR ARE THE WORKERS WE SMUGGLED IN! AND I CAN'T LEAVE THEM BEHIND TO BE QUESTIONED! ONE TOUCH OF THIS REMOTE CONTROL BUTTON WILL TAKE CARE OF THE PLANT AND THE WORKERS!

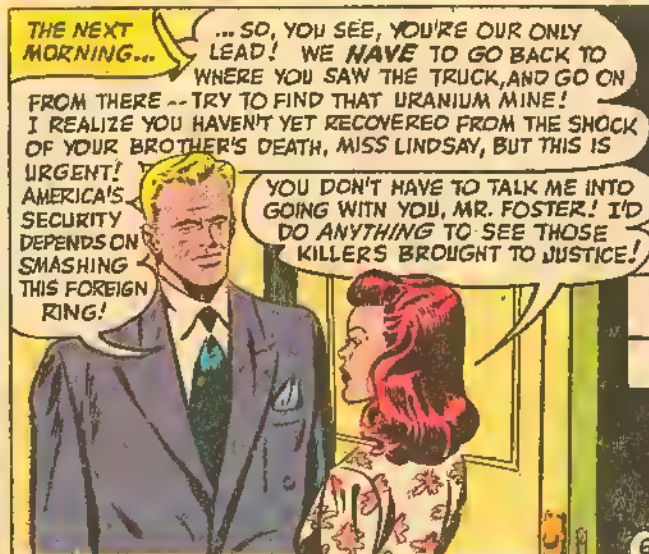


THEY -- THEY SACRIFICED ALL THOSE MEN! THEY'LL GO TO ANY LENGTHS -- I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT MORE THAN ONE REFINING PLANT -- BUT THE ONLY WAY TO SMASH THE WHOLE RING IS TO FIND THEIR URANIUM MINE! IF WE CAN SEIZE THAT, WE'LL BE ABLE TO STOP THE FLOW OF URANIUM OUT OF THE COUNTRY!



THE FOOLS! THEY WERE SO EASY TO OUTWIT! BUT NOW WE'LL HAVE TO START USING OUR REFINING PLANT AND SHIPPING FACILITIES IN SEATTLE! MEANWHILE, HEAD FOR OUR EXCAVATION SITE ON HOOD MOUNTAIN!

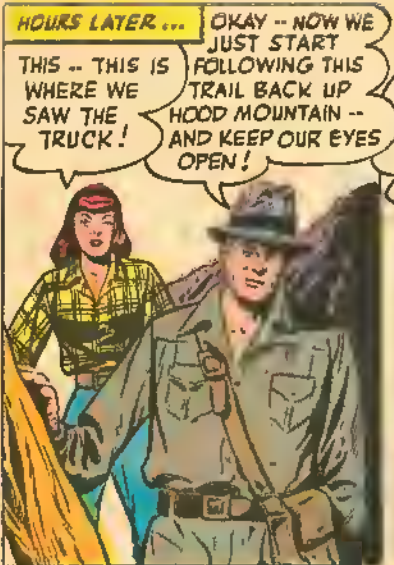
WE'LL HAVE TO INCREASE THE FLOW OF URANIUM ORE, NOW THAT WE'VE LOST A WHOLE CARGO OF IT!



THE NEXT MORNING...

... SO, YOU SEE, YOU'RE OUR ONLY LEAD! WE HAVE TO GO BACK TO WHERE YOU SAW THE TRUCK, AND GO ON FROM THERE -- TRY TO FIND THAT URANIUM MINE! I REALIZE YOU HAVEN'T YET RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF YOUR BROTHER'S DEATH, MISS LINDSAY, BUT THIS IS URGENT! AMERICA'S SECURITY DEPENDS ON SMASHING THIS FOREIGN RING!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TALK ME INTO GOING WITH YOU, MR. FOSTER! I'D DO ANYTHING TO SEE THOSE KILLERS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!



HOURS LATER ...

OKAY -- NOW WE JUST START

THIS -- THIS IS WHERE WE SAW THE TRUCK!

FOLLOWING THIS TRAIL BACK UP HOOD MOUNTAIN -- AND KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!



THEN, TOWARDS EVENING, AFTER A HARD, WEARY TREK --

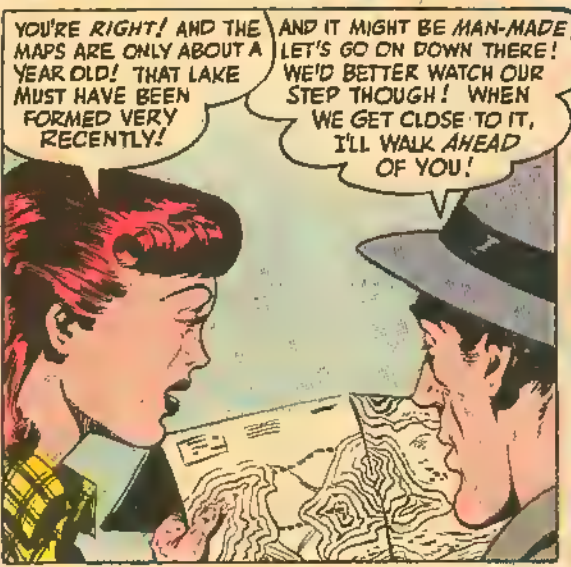
IT FEELS AS IF I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR CENTURIES! AND WE'VE FOUND ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

YES, I GUESS IT WAS SOMETHING OF A WILD-GOOSE CHASE I TOOK YOU ON -- WAIT! LOOK DOWN THERE!



LOOK AT WHAT? THERE'S NOTHING DOWN THERE BUT A SMALL LAKE AND --

YES, BUT THAT LAKE! IT'S NOT SHOWN ON THE TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS I HAVE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! AND THE MAPS ARE ONLY ABOUT A YEAR OLD! THAT LAKE MUST HAVE BEEN FORMED VERY RECENTLY!

AND IT MIGHT BE MAN-MADE! LET'S GO ON DOWN THERE! WE'D BETTER WATCH OUR STEP THOUGH! WHEN WE GET CLOSE TO IT, I'LL WALK AHEAD OF YOU!



TEN MINUTES LATER, AS AGENT FOSTER ROUNDS A BEND IN THE TRAIL ...

SO! WHAT YOU DO HERE?

EH? OH, YOU MUST BE A GAME WARDEN! I'M JUST A CAMPER, DOING A LITTLE EXPLORING AROUND --



JUST THEN --

EXPLORING? YOU MEAN SPYING! I FIX YOU -- WHA-?

OHHH!



NO, YOU DON'T!

OOFF!

THANKS FOR HAVING A **SILENCER** ON THAT GUN, **COMRADE** -- YOUR UGLY BUDDIES DIDN'T HEAR THE SHOT! AND THIS OUGHT TO SILENCE YOU FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS!

UGHH!

WE MUST BE CLOSE TO THE URANIUM MINE -- THAT BIRD WAS PROBABLY AN OUTPOST GUARD! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE CAUTIOUSLY! BUT WE'RE LUCKY DUSK IS COMING DN -- IT'LL HELP CONCEAL US!

MINUTES LATER...

ALL RIGHT, WE CAN'T WAIT FOR DARKNESS BEFORE WE GET SOME MORE OF THAT URANIUM -- WE'VE GOT TO MAKE UP FOR THAT SHIPMENT WE LOST! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE NO PLANES WILL COME OVER BEFORE DARK AND SPOT OUR EXCAVATION! OPEN UP THE OUTFLOW DAM!

LOOK! THE LAKES GOING DRY!

YES, AND IT'S UNCOVERING A LARGE EXCAVATION! THAT LAKE WAS MAN-MADE!

AND THOSE TRUCKS AND DIGGING MACHINES -- THEY WERE ALL CAMOUFLAGED AMONG THE BUSHES!

THIS IS THE HIDDEN URANIUM MINE! THEY MUST HAVE HAD THEIR AGENTS OUT SCOURING THIS TERRITORY FOR URANIUM SOURCES, AND -- THEY FOUND A RICH, OPEN VEIN RIGHT HERE!

BUT SINCE THEY WERE AFRAID PLANES MIGHT COME OVER IN THE DAYTIME AND REPORT THEIR DIGGING OPERATIONS, THEY HAD TO EXTRACT THE ORE AT NIGHT! DURING THE DAY, THE EXCAVATION WAS FILLED IN WITH WATER FROM A DIVERTED STREAM TO COVER UP THEIR ACTIVITIES -- AND THAT'S THE REASON FOR THIS NEW LAKE! I'VE GOT TO TRY TO PUT A CRIMP IN THEIR LITTLE GAME -- YOU STAY HIDDEN IN THESE BUSHES UNTIL YOU HEAR ME WHISTLE!

MINUTES LATER, AS AGENT FOSTER CIRCLES THE EXCAVATION --

AH, THIS MUST BE THE OUTFLOW DAM I HEARD HIM MENTION! WHEN THAT HEAVY METAL PLATE WAS LIFTED, THE LAKE WATERS WERE DRAINED OUT DOWN THIS STREAM BED! BUT IF I REPLACE THAT DAM --

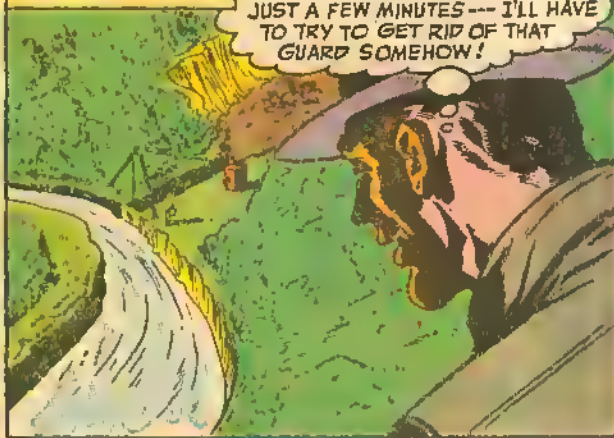


-- LIKE THIS, IT'LL BLOCK UP THE EXCAVATION AGAIN! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND THE INFLOW DAM, OPEN IT UP, AND FLOOD THOSE BOZOS UP TO THEIR NECKS!



AFTER CAUTIOUSLY MAKING HIS WAY AROUND THE EXCAVATION TO HIGHER GROUND --

SO THAT'S THE INFLOW DAM! WHEN THE METAL PLATE IS LIFTED, THAT SWIFT MOUNTAIN STREAM IS DIVERTED INTO THE EXCAVATION! IT CAN PROBABLY FLOOD IT IN JUST A FEW MINUTES -- I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO GET RID OF THAT GUARD SOMEHOW!



EH? -- WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

AH, THAT ROCK I FLIPPED BEHIND HIM DID THE TRICK!

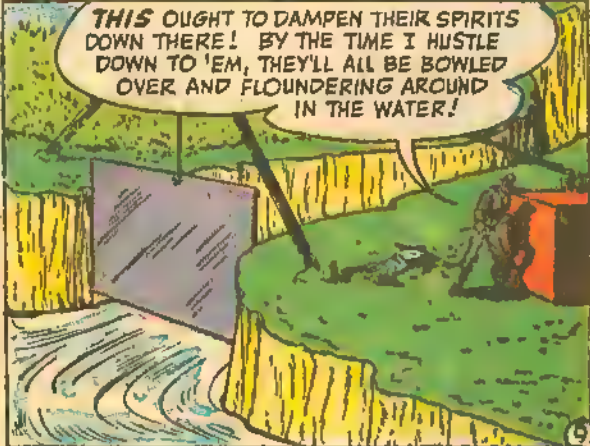


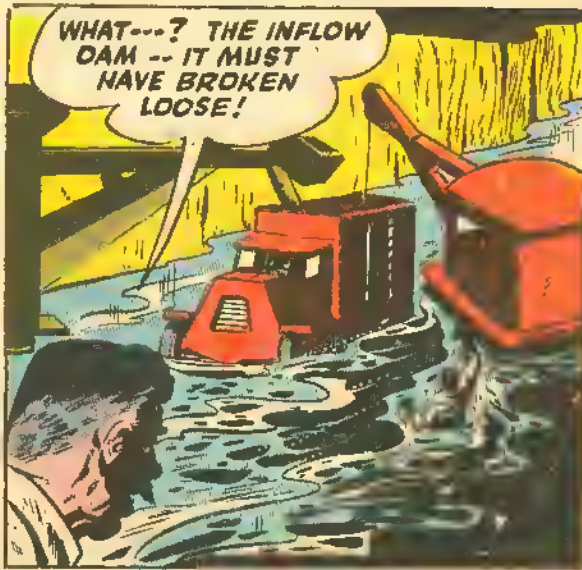
ALL RIGHT, COMRADE, THIS RABBIT PUNCH OUGHT TO MAKE A TAME RABBIT OUT OF YOU!



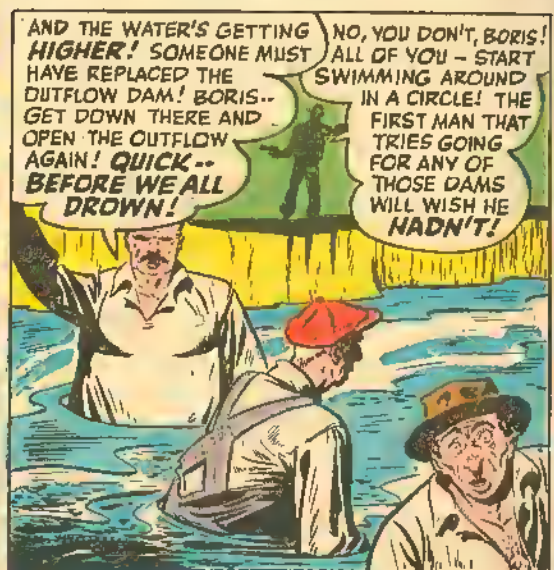
MOMENTS LATER, AS THE HEAVY DAM IS RAISED, THE SWIFT, TORRENTIAL MOUNTAIN STREAM IS DIVERTED INTO THE OTHER STREAM BED AND RUSHES DOWN INTO THE EXCAVATION!

THIS OUGHT TO DAMPEN THEIR SPIRITS DOWN THERE! BY THE TIME I HUSTLE DOWN TO 'EM, THEY'LL ALL BE BOWLED OVER AND FLOUNDERING AROUND IN THE WATER!



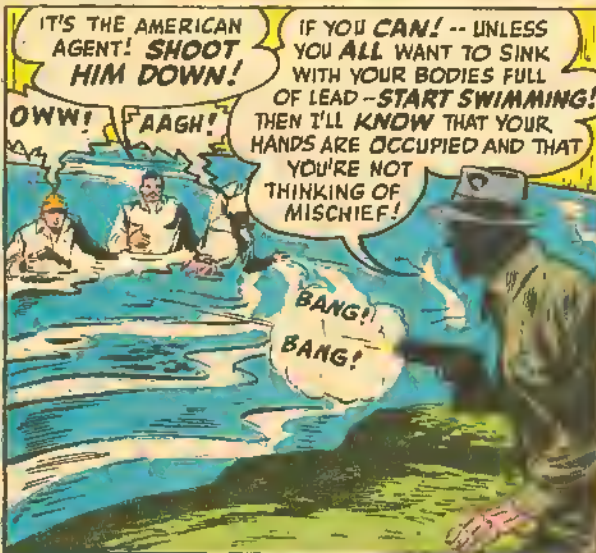


WHAT...? THE INFLOW DAM -- IT MUST HAVE BROKEN LOOSE!



AND THE WATER'S GETTING HIGHER! SOMEONE MUST HAVE REPLACED THE OUTFLOW DAM! BORIS-- GET DOWN THERE AND OPEN THE OUTFLOW AGAIN! QUICK-- BEFORE WE ALL DROWN!

NO, YOU DON'T, BORIS! ALL OF YOU -- START SWIMMING AROUND IN A CIRCLE! THE FIRST MAN THAT TRIES GOING FOR ANY OF THOSE DAMS WILL WISH HE HADN'T!

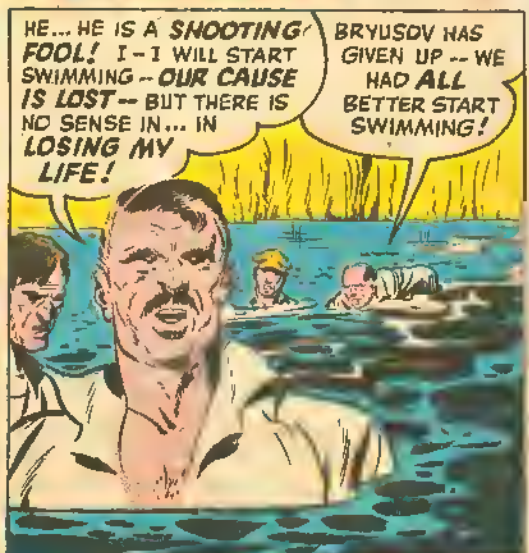


IT'S THE AMERICAN AGENT! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

IF YOU CAN! -- UNLESS YOU ALL WANT TO SINK WITH YOUR BODIES FULL OF LEAD -- START SWIMMING! THEN I'LL KNOW THAT YOUR HANDS ARE OCCUPIED AND THAT YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF MISCHIEF!

OWW! AAGH!

BANG!
BANG!



HE... HE IS A SHOOTING FOOL! I -- I WILL START SWIMMING -- OUR CAUSE IS LOST -- BUT THERE IS NO SENSE IN... IN LOSING MY LIFE!

BRYUSOV HAS GIVEN UP -- WE HAD ALL BETTER START SWIMMING!



THAT'S IT -- I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COMRADES HAD THAT MUCH SENSE! NOW I'LL JUST CALL FOR SOMEONE TO KEEP ME COMPANY!

♪ TWEEEE!
♪ TWEEEE!



ALL RIGHT, EDITH -- WHILE I'M CONDUCTING MY SWIMMING CLASS, YOU CAN SEND UP THOSE FLARES IN MY KNAPSACK! THEY'LL KEEP THIS LITTLE SCENE LIT UP WHEN IT GETS DARK -- AND THEY'LL ALSO SERVE AS A BEACON FOR MY MEN IN THE HILLS, WAITING FOR THIS SIGNAL!



LATER, AFTER THE PRISONERS HAD BEEN HERDED AWAY --

YOU... YOU WERE WONDERFUL! BUT TELL ME -- THAT WHISTLE -- IT SOUNDED JUST LIKE A -- A --

A WOLF-WHISTLE? YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING -- THAT WAS THE ONLY KIND OF WHISTLE I THOUGHT SUITABLE FOR SOMEONE AS LOVELY AS YOU!

The END

Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make YOU

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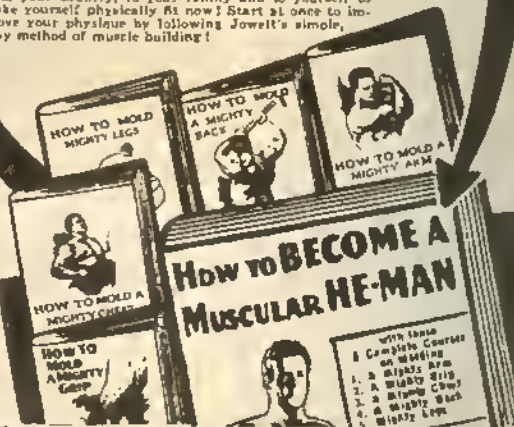
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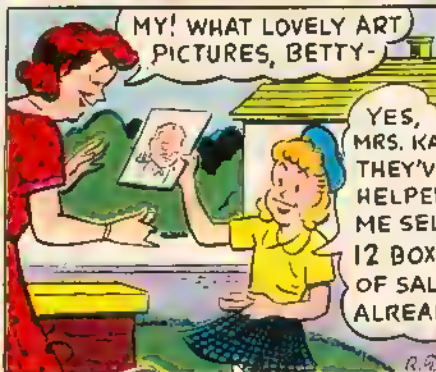
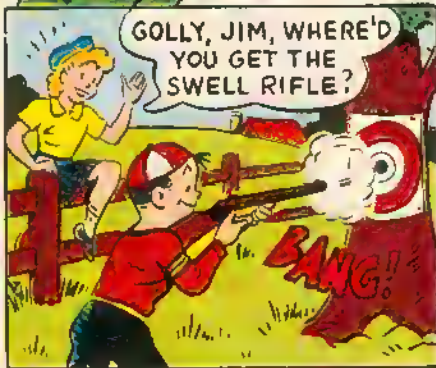
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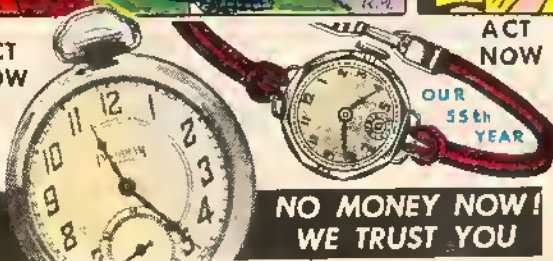
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